

Sports Illustrated

MAY 13, 1968 40 CENTS

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We've replaced all that balance wheel business with a tiny tuning fork that hums.

The tuning fork vibrates 360 times a second.

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The tuning fork's uncanny

Calendar "gr. 10K solid gold chronograph, waterproof, white dial, black strap. \$149.95. Also available with gold-plated case, \$129.95. \$149.95. \$149.95.



precision makes Accutron so nearly perfect that we can guarantee accuracy to within 60 seconds a month.*

And many owners say they don't lose that in a year.

If you look into an Accutron timepiece, you won't see the same things going on in there that go on in your ticking watch. But don't be alarmed.

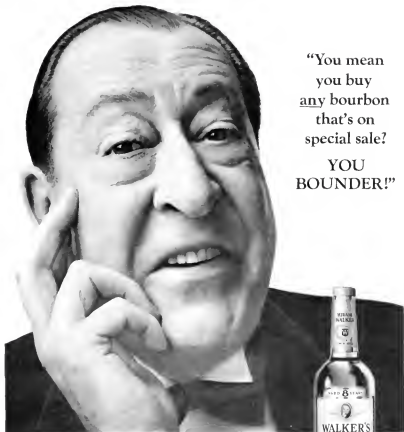
It's all part of our anti-tick movement.

ACCUTRON® by BULOVA



It goes hm-m-m-m.

*No Bulova Accutron ever will adjust itself except to the following accuracy. Guarantee is for one year. Bulova Inc., Canton, Mass.



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you buy
any bourbon
that's on
special sale?

YOU
BOUNDER!"

Insist on the
elegant 8 year old

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A WAR FOR SURVIVAL is Dick Tiger's description of his native Biafra's fight for independence. Tiger's defense of his title against Bob Foster will be the same kind of battle.

GOLF'S NOBLE HERITAGE is evident in these stately and venerable clubs on the South Shore of Long Island. Alfred Wright traces their histories and describes their courses.

STUDENTS AND SPORT have a different relationship than they did 30 years ago. A university professor explores the changes and, surprisingly, finds they are for the better.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Adman Lee Wilson, whose refreshing treatise *A Fast Pitch for a Faster Game* appears in this issue, is the sporting world's answer to industry's efficiency experts. Give him a pitcher of martinis and half an hour and he will figure a way to simplify a baseball bat.

It is inaccurate to call Wilson a sportsman. "I am an observer," he corrects, "unless, of course, you care to consider my performance on the golf course. My handicap in golf is the same as it was in football—no guts. On a good day I'll shoot 110. It takes nerve to see him."



www.elsevier.com/locate/ymbsc

Wilson, who is executive secretary of Detroit's Adcraft Club and an active member of half a dozen public service groups, is nonetheless looked upon as something of an enjoyable kook in Detroit advertising circles. When he gets started on his favorite subject—how to top dull minutes off a football or baseball game—he is always running his ideas up the flagpole. The problem, he says, is getting people to salute. "My best friends," he laments, "turn away."

Wilson despises the tyranny of time, clocks and deadlines. "Asking Johnny Umata or Bart Starr to perform by the clock," he says, "is like ordering Picasso to paint a masterpiece by 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Can you imagine the Yankees behind 3-2 in the bottom of the ninth with a man on third and Mackey Mantle at the plate

and a timekeeper shoots a gun and the game is over''

Wilson's antipathy for game-ending time limits goes back to Nov. 3, 1931. Michigan's football team had lost a 7-0 heartbreaker to Illinois after a Michigan drive at the end of the first half was stopped—by the clock—on the Illinois nine-yard line. Wilson, despondent, decided the time had come to change the rules. He grabbed a cocktail napkin and began to doodle. He searched the bottoms of several highball glasses for solutions. At last the inspiration came. Henceforth, he decreed, football should be played not in 15-minute quarters but in 12 innings. An inning would consist of one turn at offense for each team.

Having once passed Fritz Crisler, Michigan's athletic director, in a hallway when he was a student at Ann Arbor, the intrepid Wilson went right to the top with his idea. Twelve years later, after Wilson had worn out ears all over Detroit and Ann Arbor, Crisler finally capitulated ("Did it really take that long?" asks Wilson), and in 1963 Michigan's spring intrasquad game was played by innings—12 of them. TV rights were sold to a bond-dog company, and 2,000 fans showed up to watch. The reaction?

"Nothing," says Wilson. "Two thousand fans, a dozen coaches, 6 players, a TV audience—and nothing. Look, they at least said something after the Wright brothers flew that damned airplane 120 feet. They at least said 'so what?' But after all my work nobody even said 'so what?'"

Having had his innings, so to speak, with college football, Wilson turned to improving the sport of baseball (page 54). "That came right off the top of my head, too," he smiles. "I mean, some people have to think of these things or life would be pretty dull."

Wilson has an answer for golf, too. "Practice," he says. "And help. But you know what it takes most of all?" He smiles again, sadly. "Time."

Sports Illustrated

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Bank of America Travelers Cheques.

He may lose his car — but never his money.
Because he carries our Travelers Cheques.

If anything happens to them,
he gets a prompt refund.
Anywhere in the world.

And for the full amount.
He can't lose — the world's
largest bank guarantees it.



Sold by leading banks everywhere

SECUROSLAX[®]

by LIFE O'EASE

A new dimension in comfort and fit...a new look of eased-down elegance. That is yours to experience when you slide into a pair of patented SECUROSLAX[®] Trousers. The ingenious inner waistband g-l-v-e-s complete freedom of action plus just-right support for a slimmer, trimmer look. Tailored with bench-like care. Available for summer action in light, bright colors...in favorite fabrics and blends.

From \$20 to \$37.50



everything happens on the inside

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Jack Henry, Kansas City
Burkhardt's, Cincinnati
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Minneapolis and St. Paul
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The inner waistband—4 inches
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around—slims you, firms you.
Provides more freedom—more support.
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Look for **N-B** on webbing

Securoslax Trousers are licensed under T. G. Cotter and A. G. Treintoux of France.
U.S. Patent 2,757,261

Admiral[®] announces the only 3-year warranty on color TV picture tubes.



**THAT'S TWO YEARS
LONGER THAN: GE, MOTOROLA,
RCA, ZENITH AND MOST
OTHERS—AND IT'S GOOD
IN ALL 50 STATES.**

As Admiral we're so confident about the quality of our Color TV that we've extended the warranty on our color picture tubes to *three full years*. And this is a nationwide warranty—good even if you buy an Admiral Color TV set in New York and then move to Hawaii.

This unprecedented step began in 1964 with the building of the Admiral tube plant—the most modern in the industry. With its advanced technology, precision, and greater automation, it has enabled us to set new

standards of quality.

Result: When you buy an Admiral precision-built Color TV set, you get the finest color picture tube possible to manufacture—a tube with such quality and reliability that Admiral can back it in writing for three full years.

Now, for three years, Admiral can protect you from color picture tube costs that range from \$165 to \$200.

It's the first real breakthrough in color TV—the kind of breakthrough you'd expect from a leader like Admiral.

In short, Admiral has taken the worry out of color TV. And this worry-free color TV is at your Admiral dealer's right now. Choose from a wide selection of handsomely styled portable, console, stereo theatre and Sonar remote control models in a variety of screen sizes.

Now there's no more reason to wait! Start enjoying worry-free Admiral color TV—the only one that offers you a nationwide three-year warranty on all its super bright color picture tubes. See your Admiral dealer soon.

Admiral Color TV Picture Tube Warranty

The picture tube in each new Admiral color television set is warranted to the original owner to be free from defects for 3 years after date of purchase. During this period, Admiral will supply a replacement tube in exchange for the defective tube without charge. Service and installation costs are to be paid by the owner. Provided an Admiral replacement tube is used, it will be warranted for the

unexpired part of the original 3-year warranty. To be effective, the warranty must be registered by mailing the warranty card accompanying the set to Admiral within 3 days after delivery.

This warranty applies to all Admiral Color TV sets manufactured since December 1, 1967 when sold through a participating Authorized Admiral Dealer. See him for details.

Admiral
More of Quality

YOU'VE GOT ONE THING GOING FOR YOU THAT THE GREAT JACK KRAMER NEVER HAD AS A WIMBLEDON CHAMPION.



Jack Kramer won both the men's singles and doubles at Wimbledon in 1947. The same year he won the U.S. Outdoor singles and doubles championships. Yet not one of his amateur championships—more than a score all told—was won with the Jack Kramer Autograph Racket. The reason is simple; he and Wilson hadn't yet gotten together to design it.

But when he did sit down with the Wilson specialists, you can be sure he let them know he wouldn't put his

name on anything less than the best.

More top professional and amateur players use the Jack Kramer Autograph than any other. It's the No. 1 tournament racket. The frame withstands the impact of a 112-mph overhead smash, nearly twice the speed of an average player's swing.

Only the Jack Kramer has the Strata-Bow® frame, crafted of 18 bonded, laminated strips of selected ash and maple. Ash for strength and flexibility. Maple for balance and beauty. A natural beech shoulder overlay is strengthened by Armormply for tremendous strength, accuracy and long life.

Finally, the all-leather grip is specially processed to prevent turning or slipping in the player's hand.

No wonder Wilson rackets have been the choice of 19 Wimbledon champions during the last 21 years.

THAT'S THE JACK KRAMER AUTOGRAPH RACKET.



Wilson®

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Ill.
A subsidiary of Ling-Tanco-Vought, Inc.

A list of the ingredients in Michelob,
a long talk with our brewmaster,
a book on brewing will help. But, they
won't tell you what one taste will.
And, that's okay because with Michelob
you'll want to...

Draw your own conclusions.



In beer, going first class is Michelob. Period.

*Du Pont TM for its acrylic fiber



THE END OF DARK SOCKS.

Downy Touch. The sock that comes in 53 bright, exciting colors to swing you into Spring fashions feet first. And Downy Touch feels like the name sounds. Soft and solter. Because they're made of 75% Orlon® and 25% Expando nylon.

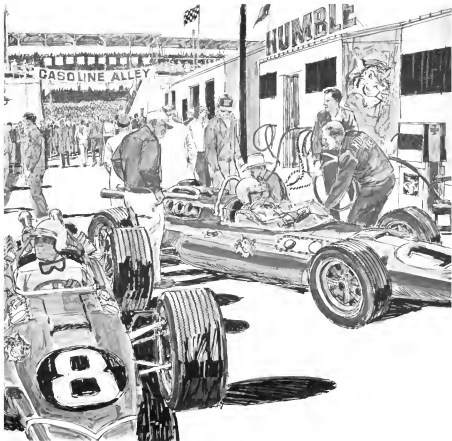
Downy Touch fits sizes 10-13. \$1.50 a pair. And they're also available in King Size to fit 14-16 at \$1.75 a pair. Get some now. If you're a guy who's going to paint the town, you might as well start with your feet. And continue with your car.



Jeepster® Convertible®
The end of dull driving

Downy Touch® by Esquire Socks®

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth



What's going on behind the scenes at Indy?

Humble is putting a Tiger in the tanks of top racing cars. Go behind the scenes to Gasoline Alley at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, and you'll find Humble engineers on the job — blending racing fuels to the exact specifications required by fantastically high-powered racing engines — working with each

racing team to help select the right lubricants — and providing those lubricants to protect some of the world's costliest racing machinery.

Look behind the scenes at Indy. You'll find the familiar Tiger emblem, plus a dedicated group of Humble engineers, working hand in glove with some of the

world's top racing crews and drivers. No wonder these are the crews and drivers that have won most of the U. S. Auto Club Championship races over the last few years. No wonder they've decided to vote for the Tiger.



ENCO

Humble Oil & Refining Company ... The People Who "Put a Tiger in Your Tank!"

Europe. From cover to cover.



If you've got your heart set on Europe, we've got just the thing for you.

A book called Europe that's full of Pan Am Holiday tours.

Pick a Freewheeler that gives you one city with room, rent-a-car and lots more for less than \$5 a day plus airfare.

Or pick a Grand Tour that gives you the whole continent for \$1,070, plus airfare.

Or pick anything in between.

Pan Am Holidays let you pinch pennies or go for broke, see one place or a whole bunch, go with a group or go it alone, have it all pre-planned or strictly ad lib.

And Pan Am Holidays are just part of our story. Because, this summer, we'll have more flights (171) from the U.S. to more Europe (27 cities) than anyone else.

So pick the U.S. airline that covers Europe like nobody else on earth.

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Please send me a free copy of Europe

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

We'll be in touch again.

Pan Am makes the going great





Once you drive it, you won't want to give it back. After only a short time at the wheel of a Cadillac, you'll discover a totally new kind of motoring pleasure and satisfaction. For Cadillac's performance is spirited and responsive, yet beautifully smooth and quiet. Its exceptional maneuverability imparts a feeling of confidence, and the interiors are truly inspiring in the richness of their fabrics and appointments. Once you've enjoyed a Cadillac, you won't want to return to ordinary motoring... especially after your authorized dealer explains how easy it is to own the Standard of the World.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD





THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION NYC 50 PROOF DISTILLED FROM SWEDEN GRAIN

The gin that made the martini dry is the one to use for a dry martini.

The dry martini wasn't always dry.

In fact, the earliest martinis were a concoction of many and diverse ingredients besides gin and vermouth.

But no matter how you made them, there was a very special reason why they couldn't be dry.

No such thing as a dry gin existed.

So when Fleischmann created America's first dry gin, it proved a highly significant development.

This was the gin that changed the course of the martini. That led to its becoming the king of cocktails today.

Next time you mix one or order one, remember this:

The gin that made the martini dry is the one to use for a dry martini.

Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.

Our people are paid to be girl watchers.



After all, fashion is our business. Coming up with products that team up with the new dress styles. Like color-matched Nylaire zippers, plus snaps, hooks and ingenious fasteners for everything from lingerie to minks.

And when it comes to cosmetics, we also keep a close watch on what goes on. Scovill, you see, makes high-fashion containers for lipsticks, powder, eye mascara and other beauty aids.

And to give the girls more time to be watched, Scovill helps lessen their work with Hamilton Beach appliances and Dritz sewing aids.

Finding new ways to make life easier, safer and more pleasant is the business we're in. Everything from electric scissors to built-in music systems.

For a company on the move with original product ideas, get to know Scovill, a company that's paid continuous dividends for 113 years. Write Scovill, Waterbury, Conn.

SCOVILL

...the Originators

Scovill Product Groups: Hamilton Beach electric housewares; Nutone built-ins and electronics; Lightcraft lighting fixtures; Gripper and Nylaire apparel fasteners; Clinton notions and Dritz sewing aids; Schrader fire valves and automation systems; brass, copper and aluminum mill products; cosmetic containers; automotive products; custom parts and assemblies; aerosol products; metal stationery supplies.



Now. A car with a computer in it.

Every Volkswagen Squareback now comes with a computer.

It looks like a box, about a foot wide, and is connected to the engine in 9 places. Let us explain. (Or try to.)

The Volkswagen Squareback is one of the few cars in the world with a fuel injection system. A computer was designed to control this

system. To think for it.

For instance, the computer can actually figure engine speed, engine load and engine temperature.

Then send precise amounts of fuel and air to each cylinder.

Fuel waste decreases; mileage increases. And you'll get about 27 miles to the gallon

What you won't get are carburetor problems. There is no carburetor. Nothing to adjust, nothing to clean, nothing to flood.

Only the VW Squareback (and its sister car, the Fastback) has a fuel injection system and a thinking computer.

Volkswagens always made sense. Now they have sense.





Ask the man who drives one.



Spalding gives you the professional edge.

Smile,

if you're an investor:

Because we virtually eliminate the chance of logjams in handling orders.

And mistakes in transmission and/or confirming

How? With the new IBM 2702 Tele-Processing FINAC System. (Affectionately called "our little black box" by its co-workers.)

Immediately upon receipt of your order from any of our 42 branches and correspondents, the 2702 transmits it to the Floor. Confirms execution. Transmits back to the originator. And many times does it all by the time the trade is reported on the Exchange's own ticker tape.

Say! Did anyone ever tell you you've got a beautiful smile?

Scowl,

if you're a broker:

Because "our little black box" is one of the first of its kind on Wall Street.

But don't worry, you can get one too. And we won't mind at all.

After all, what's a leader without followers?

DOMINICK & DOMINICK,
INCORPORATED □ 14 WALL ST., N. Y., N. Y. 10005

SCORECARD

INFLATED FOOTBALL

Until now nobody has wanted to talk publicly about it, but college athletics are in serious financial straits. For several years the principal subject at virtually every meeting of athletic directors has been the inflation of costs, much of which relates to football. Though football itself is not losing money, it is no longer turning over the necessary profits that enable major-college sports programs to operate on their required break-even basis.

The budget statistics are frightening. In the Big Ten six schools reportedly are operating at a loss. At Michigan the intercollegiate athletic budget has risen from \$1.5 million to \$2.2 million in just two years. At Kansas the budget is up from \$450,000 four years ago to \$1.4 million today.

Last Monday the Big Ten met in Chicago to consider what might be done. There are no easy solutions, for college football's income is probably close to its maximum. "We could play an 11-game schedule," says Fritz Criesler, Michigan's athletic director, "but this would be out of step with the general educational philosophy of the schools, for it would require games when students are not yet at school. Ticket prices might be raised and money to run athletics might be requested from other university funds, but neither of these moves is desirable."

Some conferences are considering the abolition of all athletic scholarships except in football and basketball, which are the income-producing sports. If a further step is needed, all minor college sports might have to be put on a club basis and left to fend for themselves.

To help with the problem the NCAA might make freshmen eligible for varsity football and basketball competition, thus getting an extra year of use out of the subsidized athlete.

The solution that almost everybody is attempting to avoid is the painful but obvious one: slashing of college football

costs by going back to one-platoon football, cutting the size of coaching staffs and decreasing the number of scholarships, taking the plush out of the athletic dorms and the steaks off the training tables. It sounds like heresy, but in lean times it also sounds like common sense.

NEW HORIZONS

Rarely has a help-wanted ad been bigger or attracted more attention. In a 9-by-14-inch display in *The New York Times*, the country of Tanzania announced it was looking for a man between 35 and 40 "longing to do something worthwhile with his life" to serve as assistant to the director of its national parks. Applicants were advised to have proven administrative ability in a business, academic, financial, legal or governmental career, a sophisticated, friendly and mature personality, a genuinely liberal outlook, some independent means because the salary is modest, and the ability to fly—or learn to fly—a light plane. "This job is not for an escapist," says John Owen, Tanzania's Director of National Parks and the man who needs the assistance.

The ad drew 60 applications in the first three days after it appeared, as well as a *New York Times* editorial applauding Conservationist Owen and the Tanzania government for its own efforts to do "something worthwhile."

NOT SITTING PRETTY

The battle over Rick Barry, the onetime Warrior superstar who signed with Oakland in the American Basketball Association, is apparently far from over. San Francisco Owner Frank McRae now says that Barry cannot play for the Oaks next season because he *sue out* his option, he did not play it out. When Barry testified at a court hearing last year he said he had always considered NBA contracts like National Football League contracts, that is, a player signed for a year, with a year option. The interpretation of the NFL rule, McRae contends, is

that the athlete must actually render service for that year, that he cannot simply absent himself from competition as Barry did last season. McRae says he will take the issue to court.

What McRae really wants, of course, is Pat Boone's Oakland team out of his hair, but those hopes got jolted last week when the ABA team signed Alex Hannum, the ex-Warrior and 76er coach, to an eight-year contract. The Hannum hiring means Oakland is digging in for a long fight. Lots of the brawling will be in court.

LOST HIS MARBLES

The major league sport on the streets of the Bonga quarter of Rio de Janeiro is marbles, and a 17-year-old, Luis Roberto Costa, is the champion. Luis' career began when a neighbor called Luis over to baby-sit. During the afternoon he became intrigued by a game of marbles going on outside the window and he called to a small boy in the game, "Do you want me to swallow a marble?" Luis took one and placed it in his mouth. The child was not convinced and,



suspecting that Luis had hidden it under his tongue, the boy reached up to fish for it. Seeing no honorable way out, Luis swallowed the marble.

His sporting feat was a huge success. Other children came to the window, and marbles of all colors and sizes began to appear, some of them very beautiful and worth five ordinary ones on the marble players' market. Luis gulped them down.

The news spread, drawing marble players from other streets. Soon they were chanting 16 ... 17 ... 18 ...

continued



© Mobil Oil Corporation

When your engine stops for no reason at all, it's not for no reason at all.

It doesn't take much to stop your car dead.

All it takes is something like some dirt in your carburetor. Or clogging your PCV valve. (An anti-air pollution device.)

And there you are—the cause of a great big traffic jam.

The best way to help you stay out of this kind of trouble is to keep your engine clean. And both Mobil Premium and Mobil Regular Gasoline

have a Detergent that actually helps clean vital parts of your engine, while you drive.

Mobil Detergent Gasoline will actually clean up a dirty carburetor.

And keep it clean.

It will help keep pistons and rings clean.

It will help keep intake valves and lifters clean.

It will help keep the cylinders clean.

It will unclog a clogged PCV valve.

Clean up a dirty oil screen.

And the cleaner your car's engine is, the less gasoline it will waste. The smoother it'll run. And the less likely it'll be to stall in traffic. Or to break down and cost you some big repair bills. Or to stop for what seems like no reason at all.

So next time you stop for gasoline, try a tankful of Mobil Detergent Gasoline.

It could keep you out of a big jam someday.

Mobil
Detergent Gasoline



**Zenith announces
"Dyna-Sound"—
a dramatic new
dimension in
FM/AM radio
sound**

Now—Zenith's amazing new "Dyna-Sound" system reproduces the entire tonal spectrum with breathtaking clarity and fidelity. This solid-state, FM/AM radio also features Automatic Frequency Control, separate tone control, and fine-tuning, all wood cabinetry in Mediterranean (shown), Early American, and Contemporary styles. See *The Glissando*, Model Z434, at your Zenith dealer's.

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

PC law / you selling

from 314 444-4444

only the Madison/Decker 571

See "We separate separate systems into two systems that work together like a team, providing an "averaged" solution for a perfect experience. From a "top" level of the most important part of the system, almost all the other systems are built on top of this system, and the Madison/Decker 571, from 314 444-4444, is the only one that can be built on top of this system.



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SCORECARD

and Luis' mistress was killed. Finishing off the stack of marbles on the Rua Americo Jacobino, Luis and his followers moved onto another street. A new crowd gathered and the marble swallowing continued. For six hours he demonstrated the phenomenon. But then, his stomach feeling heavy, he began to have doubts about his achievement. At a small restaurant he asked for a glass of water and when one of the customers learned what had happened, Luis was rushed to a hospital. He said he had swallowed 38 marbles. But the marbles were retrieved by doctors, and Luis suffered no ill effects.

Now, a neighborhood celebrity, Luis decided a few days later to break his own record. For a while he thought he could reach 100, but he quit after 50 and went back to the hospital. X rays confirmed his count, and were reproduced on Page One of a Rio newspaper. It was agreed on the Rua Americo Jacobino that there had never been a marble player like Luis.

FIGHTING ELSEWHERE

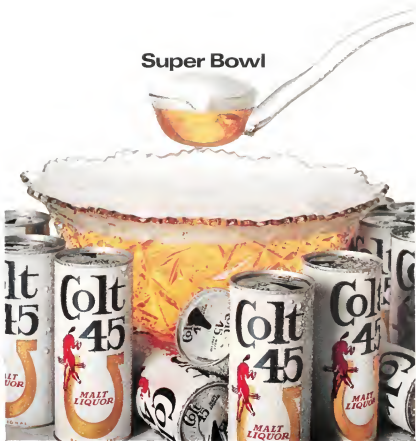
Notre Dame ended a tradition last week when it announced that its spring-football practice season would not be climaxed by a game against the alumni. Though the varsity-alumni game goes back to 1929, Knute Rockne's day, and was rationally televised last year, it has not been much of a contest lately. Pro football teams have been loath to let their high-priced talent play for free for Ara Parseghian—and perhaps get hurt in the process. Other alumni, serving with military units, cannot get back to South Bend. Parseghian says the oldtimers were only putting in token appearances in recent games anyway, and the lopsided competition that resulted did not test or condition the Irish. This year's spring practice will end with an intrasquad game instead. Football people who have seen the Irish personnel this year suggest it may be a contest between the country's No. 1 and No. 2 teams.

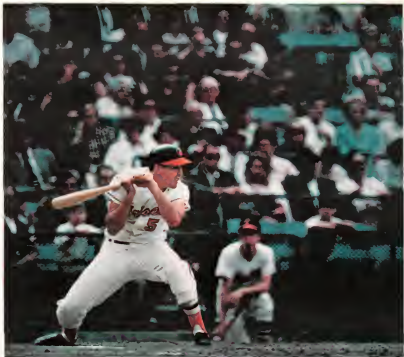
RIGOR MORTIS?

In about half their games the Baltimore Orioles have been using Outfielder Curt Blefary as catcher, figuring, perhaps, that Andy Etchebarren, who has a deathly 215 last season, would have to be replaced. Harassing catchers—those wearers of the "tools of ignorance"—is part of baseball's ritual anyway, and some

continued

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of Etchebarren's bullpen friends decided they would try to shake up sad Andy. On several occasions during the recent Yankee series Pitches Moe Drabowsky and Pete Richert were seen hammering nails into a piece of wood near the bullpen. Every time Biefary would get a hit, they would drive in another nail, look over at Etchebarren and declare loudly, "Andy, you're dead! We're building your coffin."

Last Thursday when Etchebarren reported for work, he found a spray of lilies hanging on his locker. The note attached read "Sorry to hear you died." That did it.

Etchebarren played that night and went 3 for 3, hitting a home run, a double and a single. But Andy's biggest laugh came the following morning when the Associated Press published its list of the top 10 hitters in the American League. The list, at present, includes players with 30 or more at bats. By playing in the game the night before, Etchebarren had qualified by having 31 at bats, and his three hits had raised his average from .321 to .387, which made him the league's leading hitter.

CASTING BREAD

Britain's hard-fished trout rivers are regularly restocked with young fish that have been raised in ponds and fed a daily diet of dried pellets. Recently a dry fly, Terry's Terror, which is made of peacock feathers and goat hair, has become very popular on English trout streams. It is a fine representation of a feed pellet.

THE MODERATE

When compared to the increasingly strident, radical temper of the times, Muhammad Ali is appearing more and more moderate. There are indications he stayed away from the Ellis-Quarry fight to help keep the peace. He made a speech in the San Francisco area three or four hours before the fight and he could easily have gone to Oakland that evening. Before the bout he declared, "America needs a good white boy as champion. That's why boxing is dead. A white man is good for boxing. It's better for the sport to have all colors, it draws more."

Ali has been telling audiences, "I'm not here to condemn Vietnam. I'd take some of the \$80 million a day we are spending over there and I'd get a whole lot of land and I'd build a whole lot

continued

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205 exciting prizes in the Converse Sneakerstakes

5 first prizes — each prize a free week for a father and his

son or sons at the Olympics in Mexico City. Includes air travel, room at a first-rate hotel, meals, tickets to a week's worth of Olympic events, and \$100 in pocket money

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When you're out to beat the world

of houses for people who need them."

While he is still an advocate of separatism, he is preaching nonviolence. He points out that the Muslims were not involved in the recent riots. This week he is scheduled to speak at three Chicago public schools. The talks have been arranged by the Better Boys Foundation.

Meanwhile, the Government is apparently reluctant to prosecute Ali. It has made no significant move in the case since February.

START OF A CAMPAIGN

The president of the French Olympic Committee, Jean de Beaumont, declared last week in Paris: "If Avery Brundage runs again at Mexico City and is re-elected president of the International Olympic Committee, it will be a serious mistake, a challenge to common sense and to the youth of the world because he will be 85 years old when the 1972 Munich Games are held. Athletes don't deserve to be led by so old a man. He acts like a dictator. He finds it inadmissible that you don't agree with him."

"The IOC is in a delicate position. If a certain number of serious individuals were to urge me to seek the presidency of the Olympic movement at the October election in Mexico, I could only accept, even if, in the event that I would be elected president, I found myself obliged to neglect my personal affairs in order to devote myself entirely to the great mission entrusted to me."

We'll remember that, Jean.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Bouton, Yankee pitcher, on the dull Ellis-Quarry fight: "The way I'm pitching, I can't comment."

• Ken Macker, U.S. soccer official, on problems that followed the merger of the two American leagues: "We found we had 216 players barred for various reasons by the World Soccer Federation. We had players who were acquired from clubs that didn't exist. Others had been purchased from clubs that didn't actually own their contracts. All I can say is that I hope that guy who bought London Bridge really gets it. I kind of thought we had bought it a couple of times."

• Early Wynn, pitching coach for the Twins, on the attempts of a New York woman to get a job umpiring in the major leagues: "What would they do with the chest protectors? Rebuild them all?"

END



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Sports Illustrated

MAY 12, 1968

AND THE LAST



WAS FIRST

The green and gold colors of Peter Fuller, carried by Danca's Image, trailed the Derby field in the early going. But they showed first at the finish, ahead of Forward Pass, Francia's Hat and T. V. Commercial

CONTINUED





'I CAME TO WIN. I'VE NEVER BEEN SO CONFIDENT'

by WHITNEY TOWER

When square-jawed Peter Fuller, the son of a former Massachusetts governor, gets it into his Harvard-trained mind to tackle a project, there is no easy way to lead him off course. At Harvard, where he was a member of the class of 1946, Fuller was a first-class heavyweight wrestler, and as an AAU boxer he won all but five of 55 bouts. Sixteen years ago Fuller, who provides comfortably for his wife and seven little Fullers by selling about 1,000 new Cadillacs annually, turned his mind to horse racing. He got into the game in a modest way and set a few goals for himself. He would pick good trainers and never interfere with them. He would buy and breed the best he could afford, always using as first consideration the availability of leading bloodlines. And he would never forget the ambition of every horse owner—to win a Kentucky Derby.

A month ago, while most horsemen were talking about such Derby candidates as Calumet Farm's Forward Pass, Peter Kessel's Iron Ruler and Capt. Harry Guggenheim's Captain's Gig, Peter Fuller had a gleam in his calculating eye. When his Maryland-bred Dancer's Image, a handsome gray son of Native Dancer and Noor's Image, won the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie, Peter turned down \$1 million for him and shipped him to Aqueduct to tackle some of the big boys in the Wood Memorial. Dancer's Image knocked off that field, too, and the only place to go was Churchill Downs. He was following in the footsteps of Kanan King, who also was bred in Maryland, is a son of Native Dancer and won the Governor's Gold Cup.

Operating on the theory that if you can't go first class you better stay home on the farm (in Fuller's case that is Runnymede Farm in North Hampton,

N.H.), Peter decided to invade Louisville in the style of a proud New Englander whose place of business is on Boston's Commonwealth Avenue. First he turned down \$2 million for his gallant gray colt and asked his Louisville buddy, Ed McGrath, to insure Dancer's Image for \$1.3 million ("Less than two months ago," said Fuller, "we had him insured for just \$150,000.") Next he reserved most of an Eastern Airlines jet, packed up his wife, mother-in-law, five of the seven little Fullers and 45 close friends and business associates and took off for Churchill Downs.

On his first day there last week Fuller was sitting in McGrath's box in exclusive G section. Suddenly he turned to his host and said, "Ed, let's take a dry run right now on the shortest way from here down to the tunnel leading to the track and the winner's circle. I sure didn't bring Dancer's Image all the way to Louisville just to see my colors out there. I came to win this race and I've never been so confident." Later he was to explain that confidence: "The turning point for this colt came when we took the blinkers off him and put Bobby Ussery on. That was March 30 at Bowie, and we haven't lost since."

Peter Fuller made his dry run through the old Downs passageways that uncrowded afternoon and discovered it to be an uncomplicated breeze. Last Saturday afternoon, with the usual 100,000 in attendance and an estimated 18 million tuned in to CBS's nationally televised show, Peter made the run again. This time, floating along like a graceful athlete, he made it clear across the track in plenty of time to greet Dancer's Image who, as the 7-to-2 second choice, had just humbled favorite Forward Pass in the 94th running of the Kentucky

Derby. Fuller had the broad smile and assured grin of a man who knew all along that this was exactly what was going to happen. It also concluded a fine parlay for the city of Boston, the Celtics having won the professional basketball championship on Thursday evening in Los Angeles.

Although Saturday's Derby will not go into the books as one in which classic colts outnumbered the bums, it nonetheless succeeded in generating tremendous interest. This was so largely because few people shared Peter Fuller's unabashed confidence—either in Dancer's Image or in any of his 13 rivals. One result of this widespread difference of opinion was an all-time Derby day betting record: \$2,350,470 on the Derby alone and \$5,506,069 on the nine-race card.

But long before the betting began it was apparent that the size of the field would not be determined so much by the eagerness of owners and trainers to run as by the number of colts who could escape from the veterinarians long enough to hobble over to the starting gate. Stable rumors flew faster than Fuller's jet. Captain's Gig still had a bad hoof. One of Forward Pass's knees was acting up. And Dancer's Image had trouble with his right front ankle and maybe the left one, too. When his trainer, Lou Cavalari, forsook speed sharpeners and sent the colt instead on long gallops of four miles one day and three the next, many wrote off his chances there and then.

Cavalari, long one of the most successful trainers on the Canadian circuit, seemed to be spending more of his time commuting to Detroit and Canada's Fort Erie than at Churchill Downs's Barn 24. And Fuller himself, sticking to his

continued

The happy procession into the winner's circle is led by Peter Fuller and Lou Cavalari. Dancer's Image carries the roses and Bobby Ussery.

rule of noninterference, was able to shed little light on his colt's condition. "I know nothing about training," he said. "So there's no point in pretending I do. If my trainer told me my horse galloped 10 miles instead of four, I'd probably say, 'Fine,' because it's none of my business. Sure, this colt, like many other Native Dancers, has weakness in his ankles, but he won't be a Derby starter if Lou doesn't think he's ready and fit for his very best effort. It's as simple as that."

By Derby morning—with the promise of a warm and windless May day—it was clear that Dancer's Image would be a starter even if Cavaliers had to bring the gray over to the paddock with both his front feet swathed in cold-water bandages. He had stood for hours in tubs of ice.

Meanwhile a lot of smart money was rolling in on Iron Ruler. Captain's Gig had his supporters despite the fact that the well-bred colt (Turn-to-out of Make Sail) had built his reputation entirely on victories up to seven furlongs. And there was play, too, for Mrs. Montgomery Fisher's Proper Proof, largely on the basis of his somewhat impressive win in the one-mile Derby Trial early in the week. But the favorite's role simply had to be given to the winning combination of Calumet's Forward Pass, Trainer Henry Forrest and battle-tested Jockey Mako Valenzuela.

"What it comes down to," said former Calumet trainer Jimmy Jones, "is that Forward Pass looks like he may be the best horse, but he may need some racing luck to win. Dancer's Image is obviously improving with each race, but how sound is he? I'd have to take a sound horse over him at a mile-and-a-quarter. The way they are coming up to the race, I wouldn't trade Forward Pass's chances for that of any other two horses in the field."

Pace is always a key Derby factor and this 94th running offered all the speed anyone could wish for. Even if he wasn't destined to last, Captain's Gig promised to be up front early and it was expected that Verbatim, Don B. and Iron Ruler would serve in the same role. What was not anticipated—at least not until shortly before the race—was the part played by Kentucky Sherry, who

had been badly beaten a week before the Derby by Captain's Gig in the seven-furlong Stopping Stone. He had finished fourth, beaten by about 13 lengths. After that showing Trainer Alcee Richard said, with obvious disgust, "No more taking back and rating this colt. If we're going to die in the Derby, we'll die on the front end." This was hardly pleasing to trainers of the other speed horses, but sounded good to those who handled the come-from-behinders.

The Derby held rolled away from the gate at exactly 4:40 and 30 seconds on Saturday afternoon and, immediately, Dancer's Image got two assists. First, Jimmy Combest, following Alcee Richard's orders, slammed Kentucky Sherry into the lead so swiftly that he took the pace right away from Captain's Gig. Forward Pass, who had broken out of the 13th stall, settled into his run just outside this pair and in third place. Second, at the moment of the break, the outside horse, Gleaming Sword, bumped Forward Pass, who in turn bumped Dancer's Image. This may well have helped Dancer's Image immeasurably, because it forced Usery to take him back and he quickly moved to a spot along the rail, saving ground. Dancer's Image stayed there much of the time, plodding along dead last as Kentucky Sherry led the way by the stands the first time with a 22½-quarter on his way to a half-mile in 45½, and a killing six furlongs of 1:09½.

Up the backstretch, as Kentucky Sherry continued to make it impossible for either Captain's Gig or Forward Pass to steal away on his own, Usery neatly moved Dancer's Image from 14th to 10th. Then, with the same coolness and command he displayed in bringing home Proud Clarion a year ago, Bobby drove Dancer's Image between Iron Ruler and Gleaming Sword and found himself in eighth place as the spread-out field bent into the far turn. Kentucky Sherry had tested Captain's Gig, and now the latter was ready to retire. But Forward Pass, who had been third for most of the run took up the struggle. If he hadn't it is entirely possible that Kentucky Sherry would have run away with it all. Valenzuela and Forward Pass got the lead at the head of the stretch, after Kentucky Sherry had steamed his mile and

3/64". The Calumet team, aiming for the stable's eighth Derby victory and first since Valenzuela rode Tim Tam just 10 years ago, was on top for barely a sixteenth of a mile. Usery and Dancer's Image were back on the rail and as the turn Captain's Gig bore out on the turn for home, he left a hole on the inside that was big enough for one of Peter Diller's Cadillacs. Usery didn't miss it.

"I hit Forward Pass right-handed as I took the lead away from Kentucky Sherry," said Valenzuela later. "He started to leaf when he got to the front and then when I saw Dancer's Image coming to me on the inside, I started hitting left-handed. When I did this in the Blue Grass, Forward Pass jumped right out and ran away from the field. This time he just didn't respond. Maybe the track was a bit too cuppy for him to get a good hold. Whatever it was, I know he's a better horse than he showed today."

Usery, who had already demonstrated that he knew how to cash in on breaks if they came his way, needed no more. Driving furiously along the rail where Dancer's Image likes to run best of all, Bobby lost his whip and never noticed it. (Later, in fact, he was so dazzled by victory that he really believed he had brought his whip back with him to the jock's room.) Dancer's Image went to the front for the first time approaching the eighth pole and he was pulling away steadily from Forward Pass as he charged under the wire a length and a half in front.

Longshot France's Hat came on with a fine run from 11th place to miss second money by barely a neck. Behind him, in order, were T. V. Commercial, Kentucky Sherry, Jig Time, Don B., Trouble Brewing, Proper Proof, Te Vega, Captain's Gig, Iron Ruler, Verbatim and Gleaming Sword. Dancer's Image, who covered the last quarter in 24½ seconds, won his Derby in a very mediocre 2:02½ over a fast track.

"I don't care what the time was," said a joyful Bobby Usery. "I still don't think they'll beat this colt, no matter how far the distance. All that talk about his ankles! Shucks—he's never taken a bad step with me." Usery had become the first rider in 66 years (and only the third ever) to win consecutive Derbies

IS THE DERBY LOSING ITS EMINENCE?

Long the most popular event on the racing calendar, the Derby is not considered the most significant by expert horsemen. Many say the Belmont Stakes, for example, is a truer test of classic horses. It is suggested that in recent years the Derby has also lost some of its class, only its long

history having saved it from becoming just one \$100,000 race among dozens of others. In the first 16 years after the 'Daily Racing Form' began choosing the Horse of the Year, five Derby winners were voted that honor (*) in the year of their victory, in the last 16 years no Derby winner earned it.

YEAR	DERBY WINNER	SEC2ND	THIRD
1936	Bold Venture	Brevity	Indian Broom
1937	War Admiral*	Pompoon	Reaping Reward
1938	Lawrin	Daubler	Can't Wait
1939	Johnstown	Chalcedon	Heather Broom
1940	Gallabadien	Bimelech	Dr
1941	Whirlaway*	Staretor	Market Wise
1942	Start Out	Aliah	Valdina Orphan
1943	Count Fleet*	Blue Swords	Slide Rule
1944	Pensive	Broadcloth	Sir Up
1945	Hoop Jr.	Pot o' Luck	Darby Deeppe
1946	Assault*	Spy Song	Hampden
1947	Jet Pilot	Phalaris	Faultless
1948	Citation*	Cowtown	My Request
1949	Ponder	Capot	Palestina
1950	Middleground	Hill Prince	Mr. Trouble
1951	Couns Turf	Royal Mustang	Rabe
1952	Hill Gail	Sub Fleet	Blue Man
1953	Dark Star	Native Dancer	Invigorator
1954	Determiner	Hasty Road	Haseoyampa
1955	Swaps	Nashua	Summer Tan
1956	Needles	Fabius	Come On Red
1957	Iron Ledge	Gallant Man	Round Table
1958	Tom Tam	Lincoln Road	Noureddin
1959	Tomy Lee	Sword Dancer	First Landing
1960	Venetian Way	Bally Ache	Victoria Park
1961	Carry Back	Crozier	Bas Clef
1962	Decidedly	Roman Lane	Rodin
1963	Chateaugay	Never Bend	Candy Spots
1964	Northern Dancer	Hill Rise	The Scoundrel
1965	Lucky Debonair	Dipper Dan	Tom Rolfe
1966	Kwai King	Advocator	Blue Skyer
1967	Proud Clarion	Barbs Delight	Damascus

At left are the first three finishers in the Derby since 1936. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED asked eight experienced horsemen to review the list and name the three they considered the best, judging them on the class, speed and stamina that are the essential requirements of a classic winner. Their choices:

	FIRST	SEC2ND	THIRD
Eddie Arcaro	Citation	Assault	Count Fleet
Bill Shoemaker	Citation	Swaps	Damascus
Jimmy Jones	Citation	Native Dancer	Swaps
C. V. Whitney	Damascus	Citation	Count Fleet
Jimmy Kilroe	Citation	Assault	Count Fleet
Bill Hancock	Count Fleet	Damascus	War Admiral
Warner Jones	Citation	Nashua	Damascus
Lester Combs	Citation	Nashua	Whirlaway

CONSENSUS (On a 5-1 basis)

Citation	20	Swaps	3
Damascus	7	Native Dancer	2
Count Fleet	6	War Admiral	1
Assault	4	Whirlaway	1
Nashua	4		

Nearly all of the experts' choices among Derby horses competed more than a decade ago. Only Damascus, of those who raced in the past 12 years, received a vote as being best of all, and only he was included in the top three. Interestingly, he did not win the Derby. Citation failed to make the list of only one expert

He ran off to join the Fuller clan at the veterinary party.

Amid the champagne toasts, the autograph signing and the picture taking, Peter Fuller basked in fulfilled optimism. "I wasn't exactly wrong when I said we had come to win, was I?" he asked. A man in this sort of streak is just apt to syndicate his horse for about \$3 million, increase his insurance by another million and then make off with next week's Preakness.

That race, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile shorter than the Derby and run over a track more fav-

orable to speed horses, probably will bring together five of the first six Derby finishers and maybe all six. In addition, it would be no surprise if the field were to include such non-Derby starters as Warner Jones's Go Marching, heretofore a grass-course specialist, and one runner from the Max Hirsch stable. Both California Derby horses, Don B. and Proper Proof, have been shipped back to Hollywood Park, but they will be replaced in Baltimore by Poleax. Still, the ultimate duel at Pimlico should again be between Forward Pass, the speedster,

and Dancer's Image, the devastating come-from-behinder. If he runs back to his Louisville form, Kentucky Sherry will make it hot for both of them. Frankie's Hat might find racing room sooner than he did last week and be even more of a threat, and T. V. Commercial and Jig Time cannot be discounted. Until one of these colts proves he can hold off the stretch charge of Dancer's Image, Peter Fuller's gray must be the logical favorite. And the winner's circle at Pimlico is so easy to reach that Fuller won't even have to go through a dry run. **END**

**THIS ONE WAS WORTH
SHOUTING ABOUT**

With a coach at center who has mastered his job and a remarkable lieutenant who whirls around him, the Celtics do it again **by FRANK DEFORD**

He came out after the final triumph in a coal-black suit, the coat a frock that was cut slim and long, in the style of another era. With the tall, gaunt, slouch figure, the beard and an old, scarred walrus, the silhouette he outlined across the California night made a wildly impressive tableau, like Abe Lincoln leaving for Freeport to even up the series with Stephen Douglas. The kids chased after him, reaching out to touch him, to snare the frock for a moment. "Leo-o-o-o-e him," one of them said loudly, hoarse with awe. Bill Russell, the very epitome of ability and victory in sport, and his Boston Celtics had won again. There were some who just stood on the parking lot and watched till his rented car had gunned down the 400 block of South Prairie Avenue and its taillights had merged into the traffic at the intersection of Manchester Avenue.

Red Auerbach, his coach for so long, had stood in the balcony at the Spectrum in Philadelphia four weeks ago and watched Russell take the same way. Russell had been warming up then for the fifth game against the 76ers. The Celtics were down 3-1 and, despite all the never-say-die bromides that have been tossed around since then, it is doubtful that at that stage anybody truly believed Russell and Boston would go on to their 10th world championship in 12 years. Auerbach himself, at that dark time, lapsed into the past tense: "There are some people," he said, biting off the words because the notion so angered him, "who have already forgotten how great that man really was."

But Russell was about to remind them all. His Celtics beat Philadelphia 4-3, and then last Thursday night in Los Angeles they closed out the Lakers 4-2 in the NBA finals, as Russell achieved a personal accomplishment unique in the

history of team sport. Russell coached and he starred but, more than that, as he has for the past 15 years, he positively determined the nature of the game and, in the end, the result. What more is left for him to achieve in his sport? "Well, I don't know, because I never had a goal," Russell said, modeling. "To tell you the truth, it's been a long time since I tried to prove anything to anybody." He paused. "I know who I am," Bill Russell said.

"He is an unbelievable man," Jerry West said, shortly after the Lakers had lost the final game 124-109. "To be frank, we gave them the championship. We gave them the first game and we gave them the fifth. But I take nothing from them. There is something there, something special. For instance, twice tonight the ball went on the floor and Siegfried dove for it. He didn't just go for it hard, he dove for it. And they're all that way on the Celtics, and you can't teach it."

Whatever it is, an *aura*, a drive, a tradition, it hangs on the Celtics like a fine early dew. It was typical that without warning in the playoffs Don Nelson, a Laker reject who was once waived by every team in the league, would dramatically emerge as a sixth man in the classic Celtic mold, and that John Havlicek, having himself risen in these playoffs from sixth-man stature, would move all the way into the ranks of the NBA's great sixth men.

As the team captain, Havlocek is officially Russell's deputy. He alone stands with Russell, a sidekick. Tonto 40 has Kemo Sabor, spurring the offense as Russell does the defense, transmitting Russellian rebuttals and suggestions to the officials.

There has been no such tandem on the Celtics since the halcyon days of Russell and Cousy, and while the reserves played out the last seconds of the final



Seagined sits in comparative calm (left)

game, Russell sat on the bench with Haydock and in high glee wrapped a taped hand about his captain's shoulders and hugged him again and again. Sitting together—both tall and thin, long-muscled and angular, similar yet most dissimilar—they were reminiscent of the two happy scotties that adorn a Scotch bottle. Haydock is as white as a pale seashell hue; as his coach is black. Russell's shoulders sag while Haydock's always remain effortlessly high. Little red



but Coach Russell is exultant and side-by-side Havlicek leaps with joy as the jabs finish the game and the championship moment arrives

ers of perspiration are always dripping down the V that is Russell's face, eventually trickling off the tip of his head, while everyone marvels at how Havlicek hardly seems to break a sweat. He appears to lose more moisture at the knees, which are forever bloodied, like a little boy's.

Dry and cool, Havlicek is never fazed by having to shift constantly from guard to forward, a move that is the key to Boston's offense. The transition affects only

the opposition. When L. A. Coach Butch van Breda Kolff was ejected from the fourth game his only specific parting instructions to his fill-in, Guard Gail Goodrich, were what changes to make when Russell moved Havlicek.

Because Havlicek can play the whole game at top speed and because he can move about the lineup so nimbly, he makes it possible for Russell always to replace whoever is tired or cold with the best man on his bench, regardless

of position. Never has a coach had that flexibility. Indeed, using Wayne Embry—who played a vital role against Philadelphia—and Tom Thacker only sparingly, Russell managed to beat the Lakers with one center, two guards, two forwards and Havlicek.

This demands a wise and precise rotation of substitutions, and Russell managed it superbly. There was no repetition of the playoff gaffe last year when he apparently completely forgot that

continued



It's the backcourt of Sam Russell that rules the Celtics. With Bailey Howell in center (left).

WORTH SHOUTING ABOUT *continued*

Sam Jones was sitting on the bench in one game.

"Russell did a fine job of coaching this year," Alex Hannan said after the Celtics had eliminated his 76ers. "He is more aware of situations. Some things he did last year—well, I just had to scratch my head at them. There was none of that this season."

Feeling perhaps more secure as a coach, Russell this year was not afraid to solicit Auerbach's opinions occasionally. And, says Havlicek, "right before the season started Russ called a meeting of all the veterans. He closed the door, and he said, 'Look, this is a tough job I have, and I really need your help.' He encouraged us to speak up and make suggestions. There was the feeling last year that we were supposed to do that, too, but it was never explicitly stated to us, and this made a difference."

Coach Russell made it clear, though, that he was prepared to make the final decisions. Russell is more of a discipli-

narian than Auerbach was, and Auerbach himself was no Mary Poppins. For example, once this season Coach Russell fined player Russell \$500 for getting snowbound and missing a game.

Russell is capable of all kinds of surprises, in fact. The Celtics bounded exuberantly into their locker room after their final victory Thursday night, and even as the screaming and hugging was going on Russell took charge of the premises. He evicted the team owner Marvin Kratter, his old teammate, Tom Heinsohn, and even a TV technician, who kept pleading that he could not desert his equipment. The intruders dispatched, Russell called for attention and startled his charges by stating that he felt a prayer would be appropriate before any further exultation. He then turned to Bailey Howell, who had scored 30 points and was reveling in his first championship, and Howell led the Celtics in prayer.

Until this final game, a lopsided confrontation, the teams had traded victo-

ries in sequence, Boston moving ahead 1-0, 2-1, 3-2, with neither team showing much obedience to the supposed home-court advantage. In championship play this is an overrated factor anyway, and it was no factor at all on Thursday, when a record playoff crowd at the Los Angeles Forum saw the Lakers turn in their worst game and the Celtics their best.

The Lakers threatened to get into the game only once after Singer Johnny Mathis crossed up the smart money and went to *God Bless America* instead of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. That spurt came midway in the first half when Van Breda Kolff sent little (6' 1") Goodrich into the backcourt alongside West. Havlicek, who was to score a series high of 40 points in the game, Howell and Larry Siegfried had made all of the Celtic first-quarter points and had rushed Boston in front 28-13. Goodrich got the Lakers running, picked up three layups and a free throw and cut the edge to 39-32 after 90 seconds of play in the second period.

Then Sam Jones came to life and settled the series. In his first six years as a starter with Boston, Jones had never failed to average more in the playoffs than in the regular season, a feat that is rare. But Jones is almost 35 now, and it has been a decade since he started keeping a diary when he arrived on the team. He figured he would only be around a few weeks and it would make interesting reading someday whenever he settled down to teach school. This year his play-off figures tell off for he has slowed just enough that he can't penetrate for the good shots. He was scoreless in the sixth game when Russell called for a shift of Jones up front, with Havlicek moving back to guard, Goodrich, guarding Jones, now had to move inside, too and in there is where six-footers die.

Jones got the ball and quickly swished a short shot over Goodrich's stretch. He came right back and banked another in over Goodrich. Immediately Van Breda Kolff's hand was forced, and he had to take out the man who had stirred up his team. It was too late, though, for Sam Jones had switched the momentum to the Celtics. They ran the count to 47-32 before the Lakers called time, and the contest was not at issue after that.

The decisive game was not really this one, anyway. It was the fifth. In Bos-

on. That was the 100th league game for the Celtics, making them the first NBA team to achieve this dubious and debilitating milestone. By then they should have been tired, if not altogether wasted. Since the middle of the first playoff round against Detroit, a series in the distant past that only a few Civil War drummer boys can still recall, Havlicek and Russell had been playing virtually every minute. "I'm a 28-year-old man with a 48-year-old body," Havlicek declared. The Celtics survived only because, it now seems, Russell rested himself near the end of the regular season and restricted his and Havlicek's play to a relatively low 36 minutes a game. Since the NBA penalizes teams that work hard for regular-season success, forcing the first-place finisher to meet the third-place team while the runner-up gets the fourth-place club, and since, for that matter and without all the details, the season is simply horribly long, it can be expected that more teams will bench their stars and thus dilute the regular-season product in the future. Russell's Law is

clear: blessed are the rested, for they shall inherit the championship.

The fifth game was an overtime game, a fitting excess. Boston twice had it won, moving to a 19-point lead in the first quarter behind Don Nelson and, after losing all that, to an 18-point margin late in the third quarter. Splendid in their gaudy royal-purple road uniforms, the shade is about midway between the color of an overripe plum and the Archbishop of Canterbury's vestments, the Lakers managed to regroup splendidly and with reserve Center Mel Counts shooting over a momentarily hulled and languid Russell, Los Angeles came back to tie it at 108 on West's layup with 12 seconds remaining.

Late in overtime, West tried it again at 117 all, but Havlicek threw in a 20-foot jumper with 38 seconds remaining. The Lakers now went to Elgin Baylor on the left side. Nelson was guarding him, and Elgin began to yo-yo his old roommate, the classic 1 on 1. Suddenly, with no discernible warning, Baylor whirled to his left and started his shot

It was inches on its way when from out of somewhere, from Commonwealth Avenue or Cape Cod or from 1960, Russell's great arm flew up and swatted the ball to a teammate. Nelson made a free throw a few seconds later that clinched the game 120-117.

Jerry West was at last starting to dress after Thursday's final game when Russell, in his frock coat, totting his ancient suitcase, came out through the crowd and began to break through the waves of people, nodding as the cheers rolled along in his wake. "They can talk about individual players in any sport," West said, now almost alone in defeat, "but I tell you what: when it comes to winning, there is no one like him. Some of these guys in other sports, in baseball and football, I know they're great, but in comparison . . . I play this game, and I know. I know. What has this man won? Ten championships. Ten championships in 12 years. Has there ever been anyone like him?"

"I remember they were calling us old when I came in, and that was six years ago," Havlicek had said. "We were fighting that then." Havlicek has now played on more championship Celtic teams than Bill Sharman did, and remember, Sharman's retirement was going to be the first crack in the dynasty. Everybody said so. Now they're all gone but Russell. He has outlasted every player in the league who was there when he came in. Just consider the Celtics who played with him, won their championships and have gone: Cousy, Heinsohn, Frank Ramsey, K. C. Jones, Jim Loscutoff, Andy Phillip, Arnie Risen, Jack Nichols, Gene Conley, Gary Phillips, Carl Braun, Clyde Lovellette, Jack McCarthy, Willie Naulls and Auerbach, too, of course, and Buddy LeRoux, the trainer. The owner, Walter Brown, died, and the owner after him, Lou Pini. The team was sold and still has gone on, so that now Howell and Emby have their championships with Russell, too.

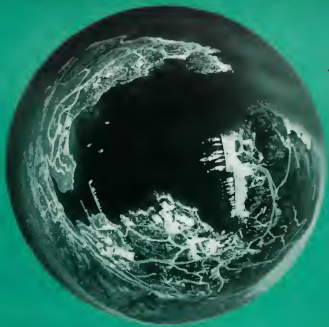
"Is there any greater tribute in sport than the simple one of being a winner?" West asks. "Is there? This guy here is the greatest of them all."

Russell moved the last steps through the crowd, and there were children there old enough to be out at night, reaching to touch him or just to call out to him, who had not been born when he and the Boston Celtics won their first world championship.

END

West is left tongue-tied and helpless as Havlicek drives around the Laker star.





KARIM'S POSH PORT

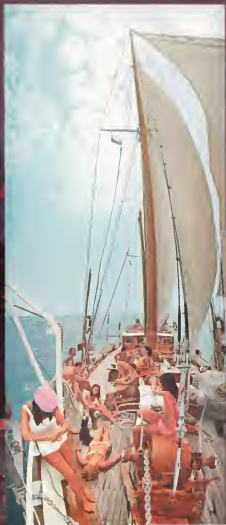
Over the centuries the rugged and beautiful island of Sardinia has been inhabited by Phoenicians, Romans, Saracens, Spaniards and bandits. Now a carefree new wave of invaders is coming from the sea—in motor sailers, not men-of-war. They are in search of the Costa Smeralda, a super-resort in the northeast corner of the island—the princely realm of Karim Aga Khan. The prettiest jewel of his Emerald Coast is the landlocked harbor of Porto Cervo (above and following pages), where cruising sailboats of every nationality and size are discovering the finest new port in the Mediterranean.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID LEE





On a summer's day, when the sun and sea take over the Costa Smeralda, following a regatta on a motor saller can be a cool pursuit. By night the Sardinian rocks and the 4-year-old village of Porto Cervo glow under a Mediterranean moon. Built to be admired from the sea, the rosy waterfront reminds one of an ancient Roman port.





A beach near the Cala di Volpe hotel is used by guests for early-morning rides. The hotel, designed by Jacques Couelle of Cannes, looks like a Provençal village.



THE AGA KHAN RUNS A COMPANY TOWN

It began in a small way. "All I wanted," said Prince Karim, "was a little piece of land in a nice place away from the usual crowded resorts." He found it five years ago on the northeast coast of Sardinia, a wilderness with cliffs of granite rising behind curving beaches and natural harbors. Today there is Porto Cervo, a brand-new village with a gleaming modern harbor, villas, apartments and half a dozen hotels.

To keep his little piece of land uncrowded the Aga Khan has set up a consortium, an association of independent landowners who agree to develop their property in the common interest. Everyone who buys land on the Costa Smeralda automatically becomes a member. The consortium now controls some 32,000 acres along 38 miles of once despoiled coast. To the Sardinians the sea is something of an evil spirit. Unmarriageable sisters have always been maneuvered into the inheritance of vast tracts of barren land close to the sea. Prince Karim has made lira millionaires out of these unwanted girls overnight. (Their brothers, owners of now valueless pastureland, work as waiters in the new hotels.)

The arrival in Porto Cervo by boat is breathtaking. Costa Smeralda is laid out primarily for yachting, and with a professional eye for detail Prince Karim has seen to it that his new harbor is the best equipped in the Mediterranean. The main mooring area (page 39) is abristle with up-to-date installations. The quay is 285 yards long, with room for 48 yachts in the 40- to 200-foot size. Each berth has electrical and telephone outlets, water, gas, diesel oil and—admirable convenience—a yachtside laundry service. Across the harbor is a 200-yard pier that can handle smaller craft. Porto Cervo has become an important stop on the Mediterranean yachting tour.

GETTING THERE: In pre-Karim days the Costa Smeralda was not particularly easy to reach. It was a long car ride from Cagliari, Sardinia's capital, at the other end of the island, and Sardinia is

desperately notorious for its bandits and its kidnappings for ransom. To make his operation possible, Prince Karim bought an airline, Alisarda, which has daily flights from Rome, Milan and Nice into Olbia. The flight from Rome takes an hour and costs \$36.80 round trip.

STAYING THERE: The hotels are scattered on various beaches, each with mooring facilities. The most spectacular is the 54-room Cala di Volpe (opposite). A double room with meals is around \$50 a day. The dining room serves typical Sardinian meals of roast suckling pig or quail with myrtle. But the hotel is really accessible only from the sea. The Pitrizza (52 beds) is a series of cottages, each with a flower garden on its roof, blending into the hillside behind. It is extremely well run and comfortable, and the charges are roughly the same as at the Cala di Volpe. The Romazzino (100 rooms) has its own shops and hairdresser and is a good hotel for families. A double room with meals ranges between \$32 and \$48. The 65-room Cervo, on the main square, is the most fun for the yachtless visitor. Boats and people come and go, and it has a nightclub. A double room with meals costs between \$32 and \$45. American Express credit cards are valid everywhere.

PLAYING THERE: Beach bathing is amazingly good. The Costa Smeralda has 82 beaches, but you need a boat to get to them. Marinasarda is ready to rent almost any type of boat, including large motor yachts, although these require a few days' notice. Marinasarda also supplies equipment for scuba diving and has water-skiing instructors. Fishing guides also are available, but the resident species—mostly tuna, sea eel and *dentice*—are in short supply, and not many visitors try. The Sardinians themselves simply do not fish at all (too much trouble for too few fish—and, remember, the sea is evil).

There are marvelous water excursions to islands and coral reefs. Bonifacio, the southernmost Corsican port, an ancient



The Costa Smeralda, circled on the map, covers 32,000 acres on the northeast corner of Sardinia.

town stuck against the side of a 500-foot bluff, is a favorite overnight stop. Trips also are provided to the islands of La Maddalena and Caprera, where Garibaldi's cottage is set in a grove of pines. Never mentioned in Prince Karim's territory is Porto Rotondo, a rival enterprise near Olbia, with seven miles of coast and a yacht harbor set in a round cove with exquisite beaches.

Riding is a big sport, and horses can be hired in Porto Cervo for \$4 an hour. Most of the trails follow the shore. The best nightclub is Pedro's, which gets a young and good-looking crowd. It has a shop that sells hippie clothes made locally.

Porto Cervo still is short of the fulfillment envisioned by its founder. Folkloric festivals, with self-conscious Sardinians dressed up in fancy costumes, remain a poor substitute for genuine local color. The prince's ambition is to preserve the natural beauty of the terrain while encouraging a fuller urban and artisan life. So far, on the second score, he has made little noticeable progress.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

I'VE GOT THE CAR RIGHT HERE

Andy Granatelli rose from slum streets to become the wealthy hawk of STP additives, but he will not be satisfied until he wins at Indianapolis. Now he is back as leader of the turbine revolt **by BOB OTTUM**

By now almost everyone has caught that first STP commercial on television. And anyone who has ever been autosuggested into buying a product can hardly wait to see the next ones. It is natural to assume that a man who would dream up a zowie slogan like "STP is the racer's edge" has got to have a few more commercials in him. He has. They are coming. Are they ever coming!

Try this one: It opens with a tight close-up of Rocky Marciano's face, see, his brow all wrinkled, eyes squinting with

strain, his mouth twisted. Gosh, fans, it is former World Heavyweight Champ Rocky right there on your home screen, and whatever is old Rocky doing? That is, aside from making \$5,000 plus expenses. The camera will dolly back slowly, and everyone will observe that Rocky is arm wrestling. Beautiful, as they say in adsville. Those muscles are standing out in knotted bas-relief along his neck, and you will hear a voice-over saying grimly, "Come on, Rocky. Come on." For a trembling moment there it will

look bad—but, sure enough, Rocky will win and slam the other arm down on the table. And then you will suddenly see that Rocky has been arm wrestling Andy Granatelli, the man who brews the STP.

In the first TV spot you saw Andy strolling along the deserted Indianapolis Motor Speedway, head down, belted into that super trench coat, those empty stands in the background. He does a patch for STP and finally strolls off camera, all moody, head down. It was a just-

continued





right sort of commercial. But moody, schmoody—did it sell STP? Well, yes and no. There is no accurate measure of how the thing pulled. But it couldn't have been a total loss to Granatelli. If nothing else, he took orders for 5,000 of those trench coats.

Still, despite the fact it is all over TV and a household name and there are an estimated 28 million cars with STP stickers on them, not too many people—at least not enough for Granatelli—know what STP is. One of the biggest unsolicited boosts the stuff got recently was when a band of California acidheads concocted a sugar cube even tougher than LSD and called it STP, saying, in effect, when better minds are blown, STP will do the job. And in historic old Greenwich, Conn. the kids all say STP means "stop teen-age pregnancy." Andy, in his lighter moments, asserts the label stands for "sex takes practice."

Actually STP is an additive; there is one for oil and one for gas. The initials used to stand for Scientifically Treated Petroleum, now altered to Scientifically Tested Products. One pours a can in the crankcase or gas tank and beautiful things happen, Andy asserts.

The big thing is, Granatelli's wondrous campaign represents total involvement of a kind rarely seen in America since the days when peddlers sold their own celery tonic from Conestoga wagons. Sure, Commander Whitehead peddled Schweppes, but very, very gently. Would Mr. Bell Telephone get on television and hard-sell his Princess model, perhaps using Tony Galento to show how dainty it is? Never.

Not can one see Mr. Cooper modeling his Jokey shorts right there on camera, possibly wrestling a lion to prove their freedom of movement under stress. Or Mr. Campbell spooning Chicken & Stars soup from a bowl, smacking his lips and saying, "Mmm, Mmm, good." Absolutely not.

Yet there is Andy Granatelli, the last of the great snake-oil salesmen, the last living commercial evangelist, pushing that STP.

Why does he do it? Granatelli is selling himself as a personality to sell STP, in order to make a lot of money, in order to spend it on racing, in order to accomplish this desperate thing, winning the Indianapolis 500. For 16 terrible years, through millions of dollars and down a boulevard of broken parts, Gra-

natelli has tried to win the Indy 500. It has become a more enduring, dogged effort, heavier with pathos and heart-break than the ordeal of *Ppyper Young's* Family. He has missed the race by a mile, missed it by 500 miles; he has come closer than is decent. Once he tried to drive in the 500 himself and crashed in qualifying, breaking his head, both shoulders, one elbow and 11 teeth. And once he faced the bitterest blow of all. The man said, "Gentlemen, start your engines," and guess whose engine would not start?

Like Melville's *Moby Dick*, the 500 has driven Granatelli relentlessly down the years: forever that 500-mile race, that great damned elusive white whale that is the Borg-Warner trophy. It is not the prize money—which is considerable, the richest purse in all racing—it is just that he must, one time, win the thing.

Granatelli is consumed by the idea that he must make good, that a guy from an NRA Chicago slum background has to prove himself, has to grow up to be somebody—like maybe the winner of the 500. He is already a big somebody in business, a success, selling \$30 million worth of STP a year, earning \$125,000 plus stock options doing it. He lives in a house that rambles all through Northbrook, Ill., complete with three cars, six bathrooms, a radar oven, an absolutely stunning Lebanese wife named Dolly, one son at home, one Chinese housemaid, a kitchen full of linguini with white clam sauce, and a plaque over the mantel saying *Auxora E Semper*. Granatelli is not a millionaire, but he comes close. He would be a millionaire if it weren't for the 500.

Andy being what he is, there are wildly pro-Granatelli people and there are fiercely anti-Granatelli people, but there aren't any don't-knows.

"That's fine," Andy will say, spreading his hands out in the oldest salesman's gesture in the world, "The only thing I wanna do is race."

Exactly. And Andy knows this about auto racing: it is not a beauty contest. Nobody is going to elect a Miss Congeniality out there. Racing is a dirty, grinding, perilous pursuit involving a lot of head-knocking, infighting, sidestepping the rules. Everybody in racing does it, and those who do it best are the win-

ners. Goodness, as Mac West used to drawl, has got nothing to do with it.

Granatelli is a product of racing's pure, unregulated days, when every man was a mechanic, a driver, a drinker and a lover and took part in a little interpretive fighting with tire stons on the side. The game is subtler now, but you would not choose Andy as a model to demonstrate that point.

Anthony Joseph Granatelli grew up tough in the Chicago slums with two brothers, Joe, now 49, four years older than Andy, and Vince, four years younger. "We were broke, on relief—ever try that NRA oatmeal!—and had to support the family," says Andy. "And we could only do what we did best, which was to fix cars. All the Granatellis have that touch with cars, it's like a gift."

"Joe was the best mechanic in those days and we learned from him. He was noble enough to give up a lifelong ambition to be a Greyhound bus driver to teach us. We didn't have any garage, any tools. But we were fast and cheap. In the winter we would patrol those streets during storms, our families hanging out, and we would spot people in trouble and run up and say, 'Start yer car for a buck, mister? For twenty-five cents? How about a dime?' It made enough money to buy a lot of spaghetti and potatoes, the only food I knew as a kid."

"Finally it got to where we could overhaul a whole engine right there in the street in front of somebody's tenement. Joe would be under the car in the snow and we'd drop the whole block, and Vince and I would dance around fixing things and blowing on our fingers to keep them warm."

The perils of those early days welded the Granatelli brothers into such a firm unit that they are like a separate Italian nation today—they embrace and kiss in the grand old Palermo manner whenever they meet—and all their fortunes are still tied together. The old hungers still haunt them, and together they can make a shambles of a restaurant menu. Andy has grown into the biggest of the three, the size of two Joes and half a Vince, and he will occasionally say, "Ya know, I just gotta lose some weight sometime. But when I was comin' up to this size it came on by 10s. I mean, I would gain a few pounds and then I'd tell myself, 'O.K., when it gets up to an even 10 more, I'll level off there.' But each 10

made me feel better. And right now I feel marvelous."

"The doctor," says Dolly, "tells him he is in great shape and maybe shouldn't lose too much weight. Besides, he's beautiful like he is." And when Andy's oldest son, Vince, 26, complained recently about putting on too much weight, she patted him on the stomach and said, "Now you're getting handsome, like your daddy."

At an Indianapolis restaurant a few weeks ago Joe leaned back from the ruins of a gigantic porterhouse steak and looked up serenely at the waiter.

"Dessert, sir?" the man asked.

"Well, yeah," said Joe. "I'll have another one of these steaks."

"You gonna give me a bite of that other steak?" said Andy.

"I'm gonna give you a hit in the head," said Joe. But he later carefully cut out a section of it and passed it over.

Andy, Joe, Vince—everybody in that rough old Chicago circle—dropped out of school to scramble through life, a fact that occasionally disturbs Andy now that he is an executive whose coat and pants match. And like a few businessmen left in this mold, he dreams of retiring—not to Miami, but to go back to school. What worries Granatelli most is that those unpasteurized, early-dropout speech patterns still cling to him. He has a fiery, colorful tongue, full of starchy items that hang there in the air, crackling with static.

What Andy likes to talk about most is Indianapolis. "Listen," he will say excitedly, "in 1946 we spent \$5,000 for an 11-year-old race car. Jeer, it was beautiful. An open-cockpit two-seater. Then we borrowed \$150 from my secretary and went racing. I mean, we dropped a 1934 Ford V-8 hot-rod engine into the thing. Trailer? Are you kiddin' me? We put in a battery and a starter, slapped on a pair of headlights and we drove it to Indianapolis."

By day the Granatellis would practice and by night they would drive the car out of Gasoline Alley and downtown to the movies. Danny Kladis finally qualified the car and raced it very inconspicuously.

For attack No. 2, Andy bought another oldtime chassis, and Joe designed a new body for it. The brave Pete Romcevic drove it, and the Granatellis added to the lore of the 500 by dumping water into the crankcase when the car blew

out all its oil, it being illegal to replenish oil once the race begins. Andy tells the story with a wonderfully straight face: how the car ran for 400 miles more on that oil—water—only to blow the engine on the last lap.

Well, sir, in 1948 Granatelli brought five cars to town in the first of his bug-time Indy attacks. There was no way he could lose, he thought. He had all new engines, which he had jazzed up to 198 horsepower. He had employed a fearsome lineup of drivers: Pat Flaherty, Johnnie Parsons, Jim Rathmann and Spider (natch) Webb.

"Figured I might as well have a shoe at it myself," says Granatelli. "So I took, and passed, the driver's test. Dad very well."

But then things began to go bump in the night along Gasoline Alley. By the last hour of the last qualifying day, Andy's car had the miseries and its brakes were somewhat knock-kneed. Joe and Vince and Andy tried everything short of mouth-to-carburetor resuscitation, and suddenly it was then or never.

"So I was wearing this old T shirt, and I put on my Cromwell helmet with the old leather car straps and pulled down my blue goggles," says Andy, "and rolled it out to qualify."

Both Joe and Vince, knowing the car was squirrely, were certain that Andy was going to crash and be killed. They began to cry, and they emotionally kissed him goodbye there on the track, and in a moment Andy was crying, too.

"As I started down the straightaway I was all choked up and sobbing," says Andy, "and my goddamned goggles began to fog up from the tears. As if that is not enough, I am chewing gum like crazy, see, and suddenly my mouth goes all dry. Then the gum sticks to the roof of my mouth and my tongue sticks up to the gum and I go into the second warmup lap and I am in a hell of a fix. I come around to take the green flag and I can't see too good and I hold up my arm, indicating I'm going to take the flag, and the force of the wind knocks my arm back against the cowling and I just about lose control of the car and Starter Seth Klein has to jump out of my way."

"But by now I'm really standing on that throttle, and as I roll by the entrance to Gasoline Alley I sort of glance

over in that direction, you know, to see who is watching me—it is a little vanity that all drivers have—and when I glance back down at the tach it is touching 6,500 rpm, which is far too fast to take that first turn. Right away I say to myself, 'You're a dead man.'

"So I cranked the wheel hard to the left, then snapped it back right, figuring I would get the back end of the car aimed at the infield grass. At the same time I hit the brake, fast, got off it and back on the gas and got ready to crash."

"But instead of going into a spin, I took the whole first turn beautifully, going to beat hell, and I finished that lap at 127 mph. Then I did another lap at 127, and everybody was going wild watching me. Except for Joe and Vince, who knew I was going to crash."

"On the third lap I got into the first turn and suddenly the right front tire started showing white, which meant I was down to the threads already. But I figured maybe I could stroke it around for one more lap and finish just as the tire blew."

"And then—fourth lap, turn two—the tube just sort of lazily spilled right up out of the tire. I looked at it and half turned in the seat and began to crawl under the dashboard, because I knew I was going into the wall. I knew that if I was lucky the car would hit and slide along the wall, and, sure enough—slam!—I'm into that god-damned wall. My helmet flew right off. My secretary was in the stands and she thought it was my head and she fainted dead away."

"God! The noise was fantastic. That's the worst thing about a crash—that terrible noise. I was upside down, ripping 300 yards along the wall, and all I could hear was clanging and metal tearing away and steel hammering and pounding. I had a lot of time to listen to it and think."

"I wanted to tell my brothers that I was all right, and I knew that the traditional signal was for a driver to get out of his car and hold up both arms. So I held up my arms. Which was dandy, except that I was still crashing at the time. I got my arms against the wall, breaking my shoulders, and suddenly the whole elbow popped out of my right arm. And I looked up at the wall coming by and got one quick blast that took out 11 teeth just like that. Finally the car stopped."

continued

"Some people came over and helped me out of the car and I was standing there looking at the thing, trying to figure out a way to fix it in time to qualify, and then blood began pumping out of my left ear and I knew I was a cinch to have a fractured skull."

"But I didn't want to lie down in the ambulance because I knew that Joe and Vince would be chasing it in their car and they might get into a crash themselves. So I sat up on the way to the hospital and, sure enough, they came roaring up alongside the ambulance there on 16th Street and looked in at me, not even looking where they were going. So I waved at them and smiled that big, red, toothless smile and they settled down a little so I could finally lie down."

The doctors at the hospital would not let Andy go back on Memorial Day to watch the race. It was just as well. Out of the five cars, only one had qualified. Spider Webb climbed into it, and came that historic moment when Wilbur Shaw said, "Gentlemen, start your engines." Spider's wouldn't.

It got worse. Worse. The Granatellis tried in 1949, they tried in 1950, in 1951, in 1952 when Jim Rathmann drove their car to second place, they tried in 1953 and again in 1954 when Rathmann turned one of the first official 140-mph laps at the Speedway (in fact, he did another 140 in the race, and the engine seized and that was that).

One would think that anyone with Andy's luck would check the family background for old Sicilian curses and maybe quit trying. Granatelli talked of quitting, but the race kept coming back to haunt him. Besides, he had discovered the Novs, the one car that *had* to win Indy—except that it had already become notorious for luck even worse than Andy's—and he came back with it in 1961.

It had been love at first sound, from the time he heard the cry of a Novi engine at full blast. It was a shattering, marvelous, God-awful slamming thing that you felt in your intestines, and true mechanics and engineers vibrated like professional tuning forks whenever that engine wailed.

What Granatelli bought in April 1961 consisted of two rear-engine Novs, one smashed front-drive car, some blueprints and a vanload of broken dreams. Over the next five years he spent a million dollars or so trying to win Indy with the

Novs, and he talked Studebaker, his parent company, into putting another million into a four-wheel-drive model.

Those expensive sounds thrilled Indy sentimentalists. Granatelli fed them more meat by adding a supercharger and jumping the horsepower to 800. Exhaust pressure running through the car produced an overwhine that agitated dogs just outside Terre Haute.

In the next five years the Novs' solitary achievement was to lead the first lap of the 1963 race. Granatelli retired the legend in 1966 when Rookie Greg Weld slammed the last model into the wall in practice. Andy sold the pieces to Studebaker—just what they have always needed, a bagful of race car—and now keeps it, rebuilt, in the STP offices near Chicago. Often, in the evening, when everyone has gone home, he will go and sit in the thing, all alone and dreaming.

And then came the terrible, tangled series of events that shook the Indy racing world more than anything before, turned track brother against track brother, stirred up historic passions, generated a bitter lawsuit and floated that definitive cloud of purple that still hangs low over Indiana.

Understand, a turbine car had to happen in racing sometime, and it was simply a natural that Granatelli, with his background of controversy, would end up with it.

The scheme began with a British technical type, Ken Wallis, who had a workable plan for harnessing a gas turbine to a race car. Wallis first presented the idea to Dan Gurney, who looked up, bemused, over a stack of his own Eagle horsepower this high and shook his head no. Wallis then offered the plan to Carroll Shelby, the very sex symbol of auto racing. And Shelby said (according to later court testimony), "Hogwash."

Wallis' next move was to the door of Granatelli's garage, and there, wearing his Ier-mo-remember-you-always-like-this look, stood Andy. The actions that followed were controversial, full of legal elephant traps and punctuated with bursts of high temper—but they were fast.

Wallis and crew moved in with Andy's brother Joe at STP's Paxton division in Santa Monica, and they began work on the turbocar in January 1966. It was

Andy who introduced a side-by-side concept—that is, putting the engine at the driver's left, which was the next stunt he had been planning for the Novs to counteract its terrific torque. Granatelli also added four-wheel drive—an item that was to change the entire race pattern of Indy—and the car came out of the shop looking fat and savvy, like Son of Numa the Whale.

The new turbocar weighed 1,680 pounds in its metal skin and bones, a few hundred pounds more than Wallis had promised, and since the Indy minimum is 1,350 pounds and weight hurts speed, it looked as if Andy was running Buster Mathis in among the Rockettes. But the car boasted better than 550-horsepower, a torque converter eliminating the need for a clutch pedal and gear-shift, air cooling and a tiny oil tank that never needed refilling. It would run on anything combustible, including kerosene or Jack Daniel's and soda—and idled at 54° of full throttle, which meant that the driver didn't even have to step on the gas to pull away, all he had to do was ease his foot off the brake.

Enter Rufus Parnell Jones, he of the thinning crew cut and beautifully chiseled Mount Rushmore face, the master mold from which all American hero-image drivers are cast. As a well-to-do member of racing's old elite, Jones, after earning a great pile of money and winning Indy once (in 1963), was gradually retiring from the game. He had indicated he would not drive in 1967 unless he had a supercar he figured had no way to lose.

Andy offered him two inducements—the turbocar itself, which flouted like a butterfly and stung like a bee, and a \$50,000 fee to drive it, plus the promise of half of any prize money he might win.

As everyone knows, they came shatteringly close to victory. Jones qualified the car at 166.075 mph—which was just what Granatelli had said the car would run—and a lot of people, happy to see that there were five familiar piston cars ahead of it, were deceived into believing that it was just another good car. They had overlooked the simple arithmetic of Indy.

That is: Indianapolis drivers are permitted to qualify with light fuel loads and to use oxygen-rich fuel additives, such as nitromethane, called "pop," which make their engines drunk with power for a few laps. But it is a del-

icate, expensive business, full of the sharp, clean sound of breaking blocks—and under actual racing conditions, with full, unpopped tanks, the cars are close to 10 mph slower. The point is that the turbocar qualified at its *rating speed*.

The gentlemen started their engines on cue and, except for one unsettling item, they all dashed in orderly, fast file into the first turn: Mario Andretti, Dan Gurney, Gordon Johncock, A. J. Foyt, Joe Leonard. Unsettling item: there, around the *outside*, whining menacingly and four-wheeling, came the turbine. And faster than you could say, "So long, old reciprocating piston engine," the thing suddenly reappeared running all alone down the front straightaway, while Starter Pat Vadan was still furling his flag and shooting his cuffs.

You know the rest: how Jones ran off and hid from the field, how, with just eight heart-breaking miles left to go, he coasted slowly into the pits with a transmission-bearing failure, how grown Italian men wept.

Andy, with that elusive race dancing just out of reach again, began the familiar long walk home. The denouement was quick and deadly, starting with an audience of edgy, uneasy race fans watching USAC President Thomas Binford play the leading role in *Hold Back the Turbine Dawn*.

First, the Establishment car owners—piston-car owners—threatened revolt, saying, in effect, either them turbines go or we go. And USAC, faced with the prospect of a one-car race, set out to find a formula that would be fair for all. This was not precisely what the car owners had in mind; they were thinking more in terms of lashing Car 40 to a stake at the starting line.

Then USAC asked advisory help from, among others, Ford Motor Co., which produces Indy piston engines, not Indy turbine engines. This was like asking Goliath to give David a few pointers on how to hold a slingshot. In less than a month after the 1967 500, USAC cut the turbine air-intake area from 23.999 to 15.999 inches—and slapped on the ruling immediately, although it had been customary to give two years' notice of engine changes. When Andy threatened to sue to have the original air-intake rule restored, USAC suspended his membership, citing not the turbine row but a dispute as to whether Foyt did or did not use STP in his engine.

USAC later offered to reinstate Granatelli if he promised not to sue over the turbine, and while all this was going on the outside activities began to look like show-and-tell time at the United Nations.

Wallis and Granatelli split, and Wallis went off to build three turbocars of his own, bankrolled by Goodyear. The sponsor of the new cars turned out to be Carroll "Hogwash" Shelby, looking for all the world like a man who just knew them turbines were good cars.

In October in Mexico City, while world-class athletes were gambling about in the Little Olympics and the Mexican Grand Prix was playing in a beautifully landscaped park just outside town, who should come strolling along but Colin Chapman, racing *how vivavo* and peerless car builder. And there, bathed in angelic light, stood Granatelli. Over dinner that night and breakfast the next morning, Chapman and Granatelli forged an agreement to build five turbocars to an all-new design with rear, not side-mounted, engines conforming to the new rule, four-wheel drive and the tough monocoque chassis for which Chapman is famous. Chapman went off to build the cars and Granatelli went off to sue USAC.

One plan worked, the other did not. Chapman got the cars built; wild-looking, wedge-shaped little creatures (see cover) that flicker around like Whisper-jet commercials. But in court Granatelli was the loser.

Still, the Indy 500 is the only game in the land for Granatelli and, battered though he may be personally, he cannot free himself of the dream. It would be the final irony if he were to lose this year's race to another turbine—and one that looks greatly like his own first model. Yet the Wallis forces have promising cars and plenty of confidence.

Granatelli is staking his bid on more cars, the Chapman genius, a redesigned Car 40 and fine drivers. Jimmy Clark, killed in Germany, was to have driven one of the cars, but Andy does have Graham Hill, who has won Indy; Jackie Stewart, who just might; and 1967 Sprint Champion Weld, who just *could*. Jones stunned everybody last week by quitting—but he looked as if he might unquit.

It is possible there will be as many as nine turbocars in the 1968 classic—one of them coming from the basement of an aerodynamics engineer in Mississippi—

and despite all of the moves to hold them off, the gentlemen are going to start their *sweetwings*.

And what of the other league, as Pete Rozelle might once have said?

Ford is assisting in a hurry-up project involving turbocharged Indy piston engines, producing a generation of race cars full of weird, psychedelic plumbing and so much horsepower—up to 750, perhaps; one should beware of all horsepower figures not observed by oneself on the dynamometer—that the whole Speedway could take off and fly to Brooklyn on the first lap. The cars already have demonstrated they go fast enough, and the new turbocargers give off a slamming howl reminiscent of the Novis, although their durability is still somewhat in doubt.

After the court battle—and then only because the judge advised it—Andy was restored to a rather shaky membership in USAC, under strict orders not to rock the motorized boat, not to question any of its decisions, never to criticize again and always to doff his cap and tug at his forelock whenever a member walks by the garage. It rankles him, but he will stay with it in order to race, in order to pursue the Indy dream, in order to sell STP, in order to live.

A few weeks ago Granatelli climbed wearily aboard Eastern Airlines' 7 a.m. flight from Chicago to Indianapolis and after takeoff glanced out the window.

"Oh, Kee-rist, now what," he said. "Somethin's wrong. We're not going to Indy. I know the way."

In a moment the intercom buzzed. The pilot announced that the plane had lost all its hydraulic fluid and would have to return to Chicago for an emergency landing. The passengers tensed up.

"How do ya like that," Andy growled, pointing out at the engines. "How's that grab you? I mean, you live by the turbine and you die by the turbine."

"Jeez, it's ironic at that. It shows that you can't have everything. Boy, here we are, about to crash, and I ain't won Indy yet. Just three things in life I want, that's all. One, I want to win Indy. Two, I want to weigh 180 pounds. Three, I want to look like Cary Grant. Two of those things I can never have. But to win Indy: Ahhh, to win Indy. . . ."

He fell silent and stared out the window.

And the plane banked and headed for Chicago, turbines humming.

CONTINUED

The history-making turbine invasion at Indianapolis has caught most sports fans with their annular inlets agape. Herewith, then, a turbine primer for the interested layman **by COLES PHINIZY**

A MOB OF FIERY LITTLE REBELS MAKES IT GO

A gas turbine engine is, in simplest terms, nothing more than a precise, quiet and durable machine with a remarkable capacity for putting vast quantities of hot air to good use. In war and peace, in trucks, boats and helicopters, the particular gas turbine portrayed at the bottom of this page has been performing dependably for the past 10 years without getting many rave notices. This month it is making an appearance at the Indianapolis Speedway, where it is attracting a great deal of attention.

The General Electric engineers who designed and who have been refining this engine for a decade have faith in it.

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB WEISS

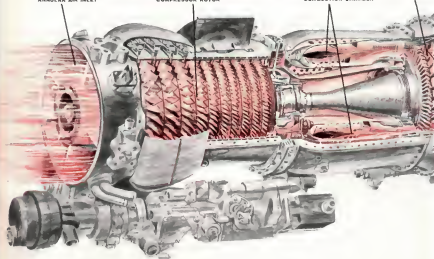


GAS GENERATOR TURBINE

ANNULAR AIR INLET

COMPRESSOR ROTOR

COMBUSTION CHAMBER



hut in the Indianapolis 500—the grandest, most brawling dice game of them all—who really knows? It is safe to say that if all the hot air that has been expended by men arguing about the use of turbines in the Indianapolis race were somehow channeled through the bright, whining guts of this G.E. creation, it could probably run the entire 500 miles without fuel.

Last year, of course, Parnelli Jones's turbine car almost did win, leaving the rest of the field in its steaming wake until the 197th lap when, clunk, a transmission bearing failed. Although that lone turbine entry—the first ever to race

in a 500—died on the track as piston cars have often done, the furor that it created lived on. Driver A. J. Foyt, who ultimately won the race in a rear-engined Ford, led the subsequent anti-turbine chant by insisting that "Indianapolis is for cars, not airplanes." Driver Mario Andretti claimed that the turbine was somewhat like a primordial screw worm—altogether too simple a creature ever to have enough sex appeal for the big Indy carnival. "I don't think the turbine is an interesting car," Andretti said.

As it happens, Mario's view is not shared by a good many fans, who regard turbine power as the good, the true

and the beautiful; nor by Goodyear Tires, which has staked better than a million dollars on racers equipped with that G.E. engine; nor, oh Lord, by Andy Granatelli, the India rubber man who keeps bouncing back to Indy.

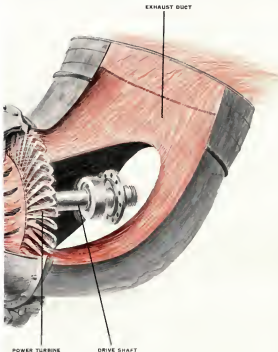
The turbine enthusiasts are mad as hell about the U.S. Auto Club's 1968 restrictions on turbine power. Since the car that nearly won last year was Granatelli's, and since this year he has six prospective entries whose United Aircraft turbines are now throttled to the point where they may have difficulty qualifying for the race, Granatelli has reason at the moment to be morose, if not irate.

By tradition, the 500 is a spawning ground of controversy. The flatulent din of cars has usually been accompanied by the wailing of competitors. This year is a vintage one for the wailers, and the best way for any buff to enjoy the show is to become an authority on turbine cars overnight and then jump into the middle of the current squabble loaded with half-baked opinions. Without toe-dancing through physical equations and theorems it is difficult to understand completely how a gas turbine works, but, in the interest of keeping a good controversy raging, it is worth a try.

A gas turbine and a traditional piston—or reciprocating—engine have one basic similarity: the power of both derives from expanding gas produced by a combustible mixture of air and fuel. As anyone knows who has rapped out a C—or better in elementary science, the combustion in a piston engine is not sustained but is a continuum of very rapid burnings in one or more cylinders. The expanding gas produced by each burning exerts force on a piston that is connected to the offset of a crankshaft in such a way that the linear force against the piston serves to rotate the shaft. The antique engine that powered the Apperson Jack Rabbit 60 clanking years ago operated in this fashion, and so do the engines in the latest chrome-bedecked thunder lizards from Detroit.

By contrast, in a gas turbine there is no violent burst of power. There is no sudden change in direction of any moving part, nor any eccentric motion. In a turbine, combustion is continuous; all parts of the engine that are integral to the production of power either stand

continued



POWER TURBINE

DRIVE SHAFT

dead still or simply spun at high speed. A gas turbine with a power output equal to that of the best piston engines competing at Indianapolis uses less fuel but requires a great deal more air.

To examine the matter in simple terms, air in its natural state is a loose confederation of restless molecules which, like emotional, antisocial little revolutionaries, do not really have a concerted mind of their own but can be very useful in the acquisition of power if their energy is channeled properly. Even under normal conditions, with no outside pressure on them, the little antisocial molecules of air are in an agitated state. Although they can be crowded together they resist the idea and become still more agitated. In the process, pressure builds up and the temperature rises.

In the front of the G.E. engine portrayed on page 50 there are 10 stages of rotating blades called, collectively, the compressor rotor. The purpose of this 10-stage rotor, in effect, is to draw in the little molecules and crowd them closer together while keeping the whole mob moving smartly along. There is so much pushing and shoving that as the rushing mob spins out of the last stage of the compressor rotor it is exerting about 8½ times normal pressure and is quite hot—about 450° Fahrenheit.

At this point the antisocials have been marshaled in sufficient numbers and are emotionally ready, as it were, for some kind of incendiary action. And that is exactly what they get when they rush into the turbine's combustion chamber, where fuel is constantly being injected to feed a constant flame. The situation in the combustion chamber is such a highly inflammatory one that it could easily get out of control. In the same way that men who drink cheap gin in excess sometimes start smashing furniture, if the air molecules suddenly tie into too much fuel in the combustion chamber there can be trouble. The trick is to serve up enough fuel to keep things going at a fever pitch, yet control the activity in such a way that there is no risk of burning up the joint. Considering that the air-fuel mixture in the chamber burns at around 3,500°, while the walls of the chamber cannot withstand much more than 2,000°, this takes some doing.

The G.E. engine does it successfully. Even when it is operating at maximum the fuel supply is limited so that only a quarter of the air is needed for efficient

combustion. The balance, called secondary air, serves to keep things under control. The combustion chamber lining is pecked and stippled with a seemingly haphazard arrangement of holes, flanges and ducts. The flow of secondary air around and through these configurations tends to confine the 3,500° flame in the center of the chamber while at the same time keeping the lining of the chamber tolerably cool. By mixing with the rapidly expanding hot gas produced by combustion, the secondary air also reduces the overall temperature to around 1,650°. And thus, in a neatly controlled state of seething unrest, the agitated molecules rush out the rear end of the combustion chamber and at increasing velocity on through two stages of gas generator turbine blades. The effluence of hot, expanded gas causes the gas generator turbine to rotate at high speed (at 26,300 rpm maximum). Since the 10-stage compressor rotor at the front of the engine is affixed to the same shaft as the gas generator turbine, it also rotates, pulling in more air and keeping the action going.

In the extreme rear of the engine there is a third disc of turbine blades in line with the two-stage gas generator turbine but larger and rotating independently on a separate shaft. Although the energy of the effluent gas is diminished by the time it reaches this third disc—called the power turbine—it is still considerable. It is the spinning of this disc (at a maximum rpm of 19,500) that furnishes usable power.

Like a piston engine, a gas turbine depends on an electrical starter, but, once a sufficient mass of air is flowing into the combustion chamber and the air-fuel mixture has been ignited electrically, the action is virtually self-sustaining. A turbine does require a relatively simple lubricating system and a pumping system to keep fuel coming into the combustion chamber, but it needs no generator, water cooling system, distributor, nor any number of other knickknacks that get out of kilter on the traditional piston engines currently being used by leadfoots at Indianapolis and by little old ladies in Pasadena.

A piston-type Indianapolis engine, including all the knickknacks, weighs around 400 pounds and is capable of producing about 600 horsepower. The G.E. engine shown here weighs only 350 pounds but can put out more than 1,250 horsepower. However, because of the

restrictions placed on turbines by the USAC, the two G.E. engines competing at Indianapolis will be producing far less.

For many years the power of piston engines has been restricted in a comprehensible way at Indianapolis: by limiting cylinder capacity—or, to put it more accurately, limiting piston displacement in the cylinders. Since there is this restriction on traditional engines, no one in his right mind is arguing today that turbines should go unlimited. The controversy persists primarily because the rating of turbines for the Indy race is a new and untested science, particularly so because the engines available were not designed for such specialized use and vary considerably from make to make.

In the very front of the G.E. engine there is an annular (i.e., ringlike) inlet through which air passes on the way to the first stage of the compressor rotor. In the motor as originally designed, and as shown here, the area of this annular inlet is 41.6 square inches. To limit the power of turbines the USAC has ruled that the area of the annular inlet at the leading edge of the first set of compressor blades cannot exceed 15.999 square inches. To comply with the rule the Walts Engineering Company, which designed and built the two G.E.-powered cars for Indianapolis, actually reduced the size of the first stage of the compressor rotor. Such a large reduction in inlet area quite naturally means a reduced mass flow of air and, consequently, a reduction of power unless some desperate measure is taken. Actually, because the engine has so much power to give away, Walts Engineering has found no emergency action necessary. While he will not reveal exactly what the restricted engines will put out, Designer Ken Walts will say that, even while keeping temperatures within safe limits, the G.E. should hold its own against the best of the pistons in the 500.

Andy Granatelli has had the most to say against the USAC restrictions, and understandably, since the five new engines in his racing stable have an output of only 620 horsepower as originally designed by United Aircraft of Canada. The Canadian-made engines have a four-stage compressor rotor, but to reduce the annular inlet area to the limit specified by the USAC, because of the basic configuration of the engine it

was necessary to remove the first two stages and reduce the size of the third. In consequence some desperate measure is required to get the same lively action in the combustion chamber. To compensate for this emasculation the Granatelli team is going to gamble on a richer fuel mixture, thereby upping the temperature of the gas leaving the combustion chamber from a recommended 1,650° to around 1,850°. Thus more of the little molecules will be used in the process of combustion, and there will be less available to keep things under control. You can get more action that way, regaining power, but you also run a risk of burning up. "We want to race," Granatelli says. "We'll run the engines to the ragged edge if we have to."

The many virtues of the turbine engine—notably its simplicity, durability and high power-to-weight ratio—provoke an obvious question: Why aren't there two turbine-powered cars in every American garage today? The principal reason is that man, the inventive ape, has not always advanced at the same pace on all fronts.

Generally speaking, in a simple turbine the fuel consumption is too high for ordinary highway use, and exhaust temperatures are also too high, particularly if you consider the excess heat already being generated in the public streets by placard bearers and window smashers. The Chrysler Corporation, the pacesetter in the street turbine field, solved the fuel and exhaust problems with a single approach, employing a regenerating system that, in effect, passed the hot exhaust back through the combustion chamber. Between late '63 and early '66, Chrysler let 203 typical U.S. drivers—of various ages and both sexes

use 50 hand-built turbine Chryslers as their workaday cars. Eventually, Chrysler did prove that fuel cost could be no more than for a medium-powered piston car. However, the price of a turbine engine would still be high—too high for the ordinary car simply because the alloys are expensive, the trace metals in them are still in short supply. The typical, crude, chunky, ancient, four-burled, multicammed Ford engine that has been running at Indianapolis for four years now costs a mere \$23,000. By contrast, the G.E. turbine, sold right off the shelf with no alterations—simply with a guarantee of 3,000 hours between overhaul—costs \$75,000.

END

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A FAST PITCH FOR A FASTER GAME

Three-set baseball? You bet. If it doesn't speed the game up, it will pay for the drinks

by LEE WILSON

Now that more people are backing Eddie Stanky's proposal that managers be allowed to use pinch hitters twice in one game, I guess that my ideas for changing baseball don't sound as far out as they did when I was discussing them not long ago with my friend Jack Harrigan. Harrigan and I were having a drink at Russell's in Detroit and, carried away by the spirit of the occasion, I divulged my heretofore unmentioned, surefire ideas for returning baseball to its No. 1 spot. Since Harrigan has them, they will soon be all over town, so I might as well put them in writing.

But first, a little about myself. I am the discoverer of 12-inning football. If you live more than 40 miles from Detroit, chances are you have not heard of me or of inning football. Fact is, if you live in the heart of Detroit, you haven't heard of either.

Briefly, the notion is that football should abandon its arbitrary, artificial time limit and replace it with a natural time limit of 12 innings. The argument is that football *is* played by innings and that the mechanical time limit is nothing but a detrimental appendage. While the clock is reputed to add excitement to a game, the truth is that it stifles the excitement just when the game is getting good.

Anyway, in 1963 I persuaded Fritz Crisler and Bump Elliott—athletic director and head coach, respectively—to have the University of Michigan football team play an intrasquad game of 12-inning football. It was televised locally, and it came off perfectly. Mechanically, that is. Its emotional value re-

continued

mained moot, but you hardly expect a 25-0 shellacking of the scrubs by the varsity—in May—to stir much excitement.

Following that game there was a groundswell of apathy. Only Crisler showed interest, and he was ecstatic. He said, "Congratulations, Wilson. You have discovered a cure for which there is no disease." Thus 12-inning football joined Prohibition, Esperanto and other great ideas that never caught on.

O.K., so what's with this football stuff when the beginning is about baseball? Well, it was inning football that brought the subject up that day with Harrigan. The small talk had wandered onto inning football—as it always does; I am compulsive—when Harrigan said, "To hell with changing football. It's great the way it is. If you want to do something constructive why don't you think of a way to help baseball?"

I ad-libbed something like, "Oh?" as the cocktail waitress hovered in view.

"Baseball games are too damned long. Who wants to sit for 3½ hours?"

"Anybody who buys a ticket to a doubleheader must be prepared to sit

longer than that," I answered smugly.

"O.K., I phrased it wrong. Baseball games are too slow."

"You're getting close. But that's not precisely the problem." I went on, primarily to point out that in order to improve any product—whether it's an automobile, a brassiere or a sports event—you first have to find a flaw and then define it in order to correct it.

Before the rise of pro football and the increased interest in hockey and basketball, sports fans used to enjoy "a day at the old ball game." The pace of the game was its charm. Fans were content to watch the players perform throughout the nine innings. Perhaps they were better students of the game than we are today. In any case, that kind of fan is rapidly becoming outnumbered by the excitement seekers who like to sit on the edge of their seats and chew their fingernails throughout a sports event.

Harrigan said, "I get it. You think they should leave the game alone and change the fans?"

"Nope. I think a precise definition of baseball's problem is that it doesn't

mount any extraordinary tension until the ninth inning and only then if the score is fairly close."

He conceded the point. "I don't care how short or how long a game is as long as it's a good game."

"Exactly. Neither the length of the game nor the pace of the game is important if the spectator's interest is gained early and sustained throughout. Furthermore, no matter what kind of game you're talking about, you know that a large number of spectators depart if the score is lopsided. Merely watching the players perform is not enough to hold their interest. These people like the tension of a close score."

"O.K., so the problem is to make baseball games exciting in the early innings and keep the score close," Harrigan said.

"Correct. They could keep all the rules and traditions intact except for one simple but drastic change—just divide their game into three three-inning sets instead of one nine-inning event. Winner of the game, of course, would be the winner of two out of the three sets."

"Hmmm. Not bad. If the same team



MICHAEL REAVES

was the first two sets the game only goes six innings."

"Right, or a cumulative total of five innings if the first two are 2½ innings each. You wouldn't play out the bottom of the third or sixth if the home team was ahead."

"That would eliminate the laughing games. You could score 15 runs in the first inning and still lose the game if you lost the last two sets," Harrigan pointed out.

"Yeah. There would be a crisis every three innings. Like three games for the price of one."

"Wilson, I like it. It'll never sell, but I like it."

"Really? Well, it's small potatoes compared to match play." I caught him off guard.

"Match play? How'd we get on golf?"

"Not golf. Baseball."

"Waitress?"

"The three-set system is merely a *partial* concession to the white-knuckle group," I said. "It puts a crisis into every *third* inning. Now if baseball *really* wanted to go whole hog, it would be simple to make every inning critical by simply switching to match play!"

"I get it. An inning of baseball is the same as a hole in match-play golf."

"Right. Play nine innings, or less—winning team is the one that wins the most out of nine innings. Total runs scored don't mean a thing."

"What if a team has a three-inning lead at the end of the seventh?"

"It wins, 3 and 2, like a three-hole lead with only two holes to play in golf."

"Man! That would really change the game," Harrigan said.

"An inning would end the instant the home team scored one more run than its opponent did in the first half of the inning," I said.

"Well, one thing is sure. It would shorten the games. You could have some five-inning games if one team was to win the first five innings."

"Sure, Jack. But remember that every game would be close right to the end because it would end as soon as victory became impossible for one team."

"Both ideas sound logical all right. Tell you what I'll do, Lee. I plan to buy the American League next week and I'll have my teams experiment with them. But it's going to take a year or so to change over. Haven't you got a stop-

gap measure we can use in the meantime?"

"I was afraid you'd never ask. Of course I do, Jack. I've got a third idea that will lop off anywhere from half an inning to maybe two or three innings from about 99% of your games. And this one should appeal to people who think that long games are the problem. The thing baseball could do right away is very, very simple. Just allow the team with the lead to option out its turn at bat any time it chooses to do so."

While Harrigan sipped his martini and mulled that one over, I went to the cigarette machine. When I got back he said, "A team runs up a six-run lead and then refuses to bat anymore unless its opponent comes up with a big rally, right?"

"Right. At the end of nine innings it can exercise its option to take any turns at bat that it skipped previously if the other team has tied it up or gone ahead."

"Very interesting," Harrigan said. "It does bug me to watch a team with a 10-run lead batting in the eighth inning. Trying to get some 'insurance' runs."

"There you are. Optioning out innings would shorten the lopsided games. You know, Jack, I wish I had some statistics to show how often a three-run lead at the end of six innings holds up."

"Hell," Harrigan exclaimed, "teams with leads could option out their last three innings and still win—and cut about half an hour off the playing time."

"That would be O.K. with me, but I imagine the real baseball nuts wouldn't go for it. They want to see nine innings even if the score is 25-0."

"Don't I know the type. They just like to watch baseball. Any baseball," Harrigan added.

"Sure. It's easier to watch. If you follow the ball you see all the action in baseball. If you follow the ball in football you miss half of the action—the blocking, pass patterns and stuff. Baseball players are spread out, and each one makes his great plays or his errors in full view of the spectators."

"So you don't like your own ideas for jazzing up baseball," Harrigan concluded. "That's why you've never mentioned them before."

"No, it's because people still call me crazy from inning football," I said.

"Well, you'd get farther with the baseball ideas—I like the three-set system. Forget about changing football. They've

continued

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FAST PITCH *continued*

been revising football rules for more than 90 years. You have to assume the game is about perfect."

"Oh yeah! I'll bet you the price of the drink tab that I can convince you that the inventors of football made a pretty good goof when they got around to formalizing the rules."

"I know, Lee. The clock."

"No. The field," I said.

"The field! Oh, for cripes sake, what's wrong with the field?"

"It's just numbered backward, that's all. There's no logic for putting the 50-yard line in the middle of the field. Mid-field should be the zero-yard line. The goal lines should be the 50-yard lines."

"What's the difference?"

"Look. Football is play war. Midfield is the border between two warring countries. Your team is your army. At mid-field it advances from its own territory into enemy territory. Its objective is the enemy capital — his end zone. It's 50 miles — beg pardon, 50 yards — from the border."

"I can hear the mortar fire now."

"No, actually, Jack, if you take the ball 31 yards into enemy territory you now have it on the 19-yard line. That's silly. If you take it in 31 yards you should be on the 31-yard line."

"I suppose so. One thing — it would make it a lot easier to compute the distance of a punt or a run that crosses mid-field. You'd just add two numbers — the yard line where it started and the yard line where it ended."

"You're so right, Jack. And think of the working press. They would just use a plus sign to identify the defensive team's territory and a minus sign to identify the offensive team's territory. Like — 'Jones caught the punt at -17 and ran it to +23.' And, as you say, 17 plus 23 makes 40 — a 40-yard punt return."

"Sure. The mid-field stripe would be like zero on a thermometer. And there's an advantage you haven't mentioned."

"What's that, Jack?"

"The ticket managers would love it." "I don't get it."

"I've everybody wants seats on the 50-yard line. There would be *two* of them!"

"By golly, you're right! Who buys the drinks?"

"I do. Call the waitress."

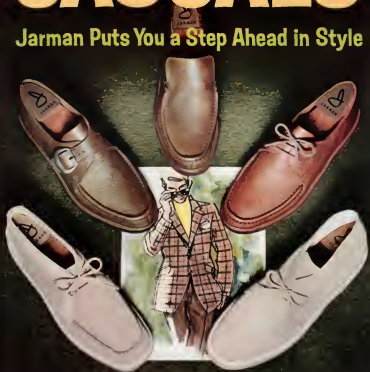
"Jack, you're all heart!"

"Tell me something, Wilson. If you're so smart, why aren't you rich?"

END

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A touring golf pro will pull a knife on you for a thousand dollars, or, as Frank Beard once said, "Where's my one-iron, and who do you want me to kill?"

Nobody understood this attitude better than a couple of good players themselves, Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke, and they kept it in mind when they built the Champions Golf Club in Houston a few years ago. They conceived and constructed the club for the pure golfer, and—let's say it—it is the best tournament course in America since the Augusta National Champions is a course that keeps the tee shot in the game, and it has among its pines, willows, moss and oaks a perfect turf for the pros to "Van Gogh it," as they say, with the irons. It also provides a classy atmosphere that is rivaled only by the Masters. Last week as Roberto de Vicenzo won the third Houston International, and, more important, signed his scorecard correctly, there were strong indications that Champions, with the beauty and experience it has going for it, will be the site next year of perhaps the best U.S. Open ever staged.

This year's Open, of course, will be played at Oak Hill in Rochester, a perfectly fine layout that had the USGA tournament once before in 1956, but next summer's spectacle will be held for the first time on a course that has not only been part of the PGA tour but, in fact, has been the very favorite stop of the pros. This is Champions, a dream that Demaret and Burke made come true and a club that now stands, just outside the snarl of freeways and skyscraper construction that adds up to Houston, as one of the city's top attractions along with the Astrodome and NASA. Any golfer in the Southwest who hasn't yet played Champions wouldn't know Jack Nicklaus from Sandy MacDyott.

There are a lot of reasons why Champions is so popular with the pros and why it will be capable of holding a super Open. First is the course itself, the original 18, Cypress Creek, which is not to be confused with the club's other 18, Jackrabbit, a newer but equally splendid layout. The big course, which is really what everyone refers to when they talk about Champions, is where last week's

tournament was played, where the 1967 Ryder Cup matches were held and where the 1969 U.S. Open will unfold. It is a course that measures more than 7,000 yards from the back tees and allows the player to use his driver on every hole but the par-3s.

"The trouble with most golf architects is they try to take the driver away from you with a lot of cute sand," says Jimmy Demaret. "The tee shot is the home run of golf—the thing people like to see. I think you'll see a lot of drivers here even after the USGA lets the Bermuda grow in."

Burke says, "There's never been an architect who teed it up for \$100,000. If you put a fairway trap out there for these bandits, they'll one-iron you to death. They'd just as soon slap a little lead weight on the one-iron and go with that and a four-iron as use the driver and have to hit a seven out of some sand."

Although basically flat, curving and tree-lined, Champions' fairways are wide and well-defined like those at the Masters, offering good targets and encouraging muscle. Not much can be taken away from them visually by the narrowing processes that the USGA will employ when it lets the rough pinch them in. Most of the holes are so long and put positions so flexible that drivers will have to be used off the tees if the Open contenders want to hit anything less than four-woods into the greens.

The course played easier last week than it has because the back tees were not used, there was no rough and the Texas wind never came up. "It played about six shots easier over the 72 holes than I expect it will for the Open," said Burke. The 4th hole was a good example, the 4th being a scenic 3-par over a cliff and creek, vaguely reminiscent of the 16th at Cypress Point. "The PGA moved 'em up to five-irons there," said Burke. "Man, I got to thank Joe Dey, will take 'em back to the spoon, I would." Burke and Demaret readily admit that they built Champions with Joe Dey or at least with a future Open in mind. And good golfers everywhere in mind.

"Sure, we wanted to get the Open from the start," said Burke. "It makes your club for life. If you're from Champions, and you've had an Open, people

Preview of a coming attraction

At the Champions Golf Club in Houston last week the touring pros got a look at the problems they will have to face in the 1969 U.S. Open



UNFRIENDLY (par 4) 4th hole presents enough this time will be tougher in 1969 U.S. Open

continued

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GOLF continued

know you everywhere a lot better than they know the member from Bubbling Brook. You walk in somewhere and say, 'I'm from Bubbling Brook,' and somebody'll say, 'Well, have you got any letters of credit?' Very few. Open courses are ever forgotten."

Burke smiled and said, "To have an Open it's worth seeing the Bermuda come up to your knees for a week and letting the USGA come in and play blue-coat-and-armband."

All around the Champions plant there is the sight and mood of good taste, and the constant influence of Augusta where Demaret and Burke won four Masters titles between them. The clubhouse is simple but handsome, a one-story ranch of used pink brick with white columns and a high, shingled roof. There is an umbrella veranda, like the one at Augusta, and there are scads of tall pines and oaks shading a smooth green lawn. And it is orderly. You walk out of the locker room, spacious, paneled and A-framed, into the golf shop, out of the shop toward the practice area, from the practice area to the putting green and from there to the first tee. And none of these are very far apart. Also like Augusta, Champions has cottages along the course with creeks, ponds and flowers all over.

Many of last week's field stayed in the cottages and played house. They would cook out, swim, walk their dogs and sit on terraces at night, visiting, cock-tailing and relaxing. "Nothing comes close to it on the tour," said Dave Marr. "This place has the best of everything, including the players' private concession stand on the course and the best locker boys anywhere."

The locker room not only offered a quiet retreat for the players, it was also a semi-hospital, as it will be for the Open. One of the things Demaret and Burke started last year was a training room—the only one on the tour. The Houston Oilers' trainer, Bobby Brown, once again was set up with a rubdown center and a well-stocked pill dispensary. He had plenty of customers, about 30 golfers a day. In fact, the pros, said Marr, seemed to suffer most from aching muscles and gout. "There are a few, of course, who only want wake-me-ups and hangover cures," Bobby said. "I'll give 'em whatever they need. I told one who was almost begging that I could take him up as high as he wanted to go—or just send him sideways."

"The average person probably thinks these guys lead a grand life, hanging around country clubs all the time," Brown continued. "But I can tell by

continued



HAYSTACK BUSHES off fairway made problems for players like Masters Champ Bob Goalby.



EXPLODING from loose ground, Dan Sikes held third-round lead, then faltered to fourth third.



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GOLF record

looking at them what a grind it is. I know they hurt. After all, they sleep on different beds all the time, change climates constantly, rarely eat a home-cooked meal and do the worst thing of all—come in sweating to air-conditioned rooms. They all have backs that hurt. Why, Raymond Floyd had to withdraw because he got a muscle spasm brushing his teeth. He really did."

More of the Augusta influence can be found on the course than anywhere else. It has the smooth, close-cropped fairways of the Masters, where the irons make a pistol-shot sound and where the ball sits there so the player can make it work. You don't hit many squatters at the Champions. "You can jack it around," says Burke. "That's why so many pros say this course brings out the best in you. Around here they suddenly become artists." Also, Champions is paced like Augusta with two par-5s on the front nine and with a water-guarded backside that is similar, down to its 4-4-3 start to a 3-4-4 finish, the only difference being that the 15th hole is a 4-par instead of a 5 like Augusta, and par is 71 instead of 72. The 10th hole is like the Masters' 10th, a dogleg left but without the drop-off into a valley, the 12th is a tough par-3 over water, only longer, and the 13th is a dangerous par-5 but with the creek along the right side of the fairway instead of ringing the front and right side of the green.

Obviously there also are differences between sedate Augusta and buoyant Champions. Augusta is old, Champions is new. "We don't want any old, rich members," said Burke. "They don't spend anything. We've got young guys who're still trying to impress somebody. We have fun around here."

Like the other day before the tournament started. The owners and some members were sitting around the locker room and Demaret said he could, say, play on one leg and beat two members who were low handicappers. Well, for just how much? The members said. So everybody went out to the tee, everybody on electric scooters. It looked like an invasion of golf carts. Demaret played on one leg and started out birdie, birdie, par, birdie, par and it was all over. The two members said they just wanted part of their flesh back.

They don't have fun like that at Augusta. Just ask Roberto de Vicenzo where the laughs are.

END



THE BLUES' RON SCHOCK FLIPS THE PUCK PAST MINNESOTA'S FALLING GOALIE CESARE MANIAGO TO DECIDE THE WEST CUP RACE

Sing no sad songs for those astonishing Blues

Surviving 14 desperate games in the preliminaries, St. Louis' poor little expansion team drew the fearsome Canadiens in the Stanley Cup final—and for openers bashed and skated them into a humiliating overtime

There is something about Dickie Moore that the years cannot change. It was that way when he was scoring smartly for the Montreal Canadiens. It was that way as he led the St. Louis Blues to their West Division Stanley Cup championship over Minnesota's North Stars last Friday night in the seventh game of a desperate series. Dickie feints and jabs as Willie Pep used to, waiting for that little prod that breaks the string, that trips the lever, that rings the bell, that starts the motor and triggers the explosion. When his trigger is pulled, Moore's cloudy, pale blue eyes get watery and wild, his shoulders knot and his old legs are reborn—and in three of those seven games Moore was the Blues' indispensable man.

Game 1: Moore deflects a shot past North Star goalie Cesare Maniago to give the Blues a 3-2 lead and all the impetus they need toward a 5-3 victory. Game 4: The North Stars have a 3-0 lead and can take a 3-1 advantage in the series merely by hanging in there. With 11:57 gone in the third period, Moore feeds a 40-foot pass to Jim Roberts at the Stars' goal mouth and Roberts scoops it in. Exactly one minute later Moore rushes the net, fakes Maniago out of position and scores himself. Thus inspired, the Blues

proceed to win 4-3 in overtime; one of the seven overtime games in the crazy mixed-up West semifinals and finals—and the series is 2-2.

Game 7: St. Louis Arena. Through scheduling foul-ups Minnesota has drawn only two home games, but surprisingly is 3-3 for the series. The North Stars have forced the Blues into overtime in two of the St. Louis wins; they have themselves taken an overtime game.

Minnesota forward Parker MacDonald runs his finger down the Blues' roster. He comes across ages out of the Dead Sea Scrolls—more veterans than are to be found in an American Legion post. "They have guys on that club," says MacDonald, "who remember Betty Boop." They remember Kay Kyser too, and Wendell Willkie and Frank Sinatra with his own hair. Doug Harvey, tiny scars cross-hatching his Keweenaw-doll face, is 43 and no longer the superman he was when, like Moore, he played for the Canadiens. But he is still plenty tough around the goal mouth.

Goalie Glenn Hall is 36 and still aglow at the suicidal nature of the position he plays, just as he used to be in Chicago when he was a big star, he is still throwing up before games. But he is still a money goalie. When the Stars jumped

off to a solid lead in the sixth game, St. Louis Coach Scotty Bowman removed Hall to rest his most valuable property for the last game.

Moore is 37 and straight man for Harvey (who had been called up to the Blues after 65 games as player-coach for the team's Kansas City farm club). Asked to pose for pictures with Moore, Harvey grins, "Nope, not with that old guy. It would damage my image."

As a capacity house of 15,556 assembles Friday in the well-designed Arena for No. 7, Minnesota Coach Wren Blair is more concerned about the scheduling inequities that have put his team in a hostile town (due to a conflict in dates with an ice show in the Stars' arena) than with his own image. His image is fixed: a redheaded, husky-voiced cockatoo whose behind-the-bench language would wilt the leathers on a sea captain's parrot. He had wanted one game moved to a neutral rink. Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens—to give the Stars at least a facsimile of the three home games they deserved, but St. Louis' hard-nosed General Manager Lynn Patrick had refused. "I've been in this business long enough," said Patrick, "to know that playoffs are won or lost in the fifth, sixth and seventh games. We want to play at home."

continued

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The St. Louis fans come early for the big game and hang out signs. One reads, "Go, Red Baron," imploring Gordon (Red) Berenson, a 34-goal scorer in the regular season but a zero-goal scorer in 13 straight playoff games, to get with it. They put another sign over the penalty box which says, "Sorry 'bout that," but as reach for humor is wasted. Referee Art Skov has evidently decided to interfere as little as possible; ultimately he calls only six penalties in 82 minutes and 49 seconds of hockey.

As the St. Louis fans whistle for action, they know that this game, like most Stanley Cup games, probably will hinge on the goalies. They are watching two of the better ones. Hall is No. 2 in the West. Masiago, the Stars' 6' 3" contortionist, ranks fifth, but time and again has sealed off the goal against relentless sieges. The Blues have come to bury Cesare, but they are very slow about making a big move at him. The Stars respond with some very, very cautious play of their own. One period goes by with

no score. Two periods go by with no score. Now it is deep into the third and supposedly final period. When Blair gives his troops the go sign, and they begin to storm the walls. The Stars' supertanned rookie center, Walt McKecknie, skates in on Hall and fires a 30-foot line drive at him. It goes in—with a mere 3:51 left in regulation time—and now Minnesota's year of agony is close to being crowned with triumph. The North Stars are the West's No. 4 team in a six-club division; they have come from behind to win seven more or less impossible cup games; they have already been in five overtime playoff matches.

But there is more agony to come. Enter Dackie Moore. The sight of McKecknie's shot in the net lights Dackie's fuse again. Within 31 seconds, he has a pass from Larry Keenan, and then he winds up and shoots so hard, from 35 feet, that both his skates leave the ice. Masiago never sees the disk.

Now the teams are tied 1-1 and in overtime again, the natural Stanley Cup habi-

tat of the West. One 20-minute period runs out with no scoring. The second begins, and as the three-minute mark approaches, the Blues produce an unlikely hero in this Wild West show. He is Ron Schock, a 24-year-old reserve center from Niagara Falls who once got a big bonus to sign with Boston. He takes a pass from Center Gerry Melnyk at the North Stars' blue line. Head down, legs churning, the puck nursed ever so tenderly by the tip of his slightly curved stick, he heads swiftly—and somehow unchecked—for Masiago. "I knew what was coming," Masiago explained later. "I came out about 10 feet, then backed up slowly into the net as Schock came at me. It was right here—right over my stick hand, about a foot off the ice. It was a nice, clean shot."

"Say," he mused, smiling wanly, "we went a long way. We can't complain about that."

So far had they gone, indeed, that the Blues, who had gone with them, were a mighty tired team as they began hock-

continued

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ey's first Superseries with Montreal's territory—and well rested—Canadiens at St. Louis on Sunday afternoon.

You have to say this for the Blues, though, they are hard to scare. As champagne corks pop in a victory rut-a-tat in the Blues' dressing room in the wee hours of Saturday morning, Schock recites sport's oldest established permanent floating underdog cliché: "We can't match the Canadiens man for man, but they only have one stick each and one pair of legs apiece. . . . We have just as much chance as they do."

Unfortunately, the Canadiens have at least two sticks each and four legs—or so it seemed as they shut out Boston in four games in their first series and yielded only one game to Chicago while winning the East final.

"Montreal," said one hockey man on the St. Louis victory scene, "may be the first team in history to win the Stanley Cup in three games." Said another: "The Blues had better dress warm, or they'll catch cold in the draft as the Canadiens go past."

But there were some diehard Blues believers, too. "The 1926 St. Louis Cardinals," said Sportswriter Ed Wilks, "weren't given a chance against the Yankees in the World Series, but they won it in seven games. If I am not mistaken, Babe Ruth was the final out—trying to steal second base."

The number of believers multiplied like magic after the Blues' first encounter with Montreal before another packed Arena house and a nationwide television audience. Montreal win the cup in three games? St. Louis tired? Hoo, boy. The way those crazy Blues played, Montreal was lucky to win in overtime on Jacques Lemaire's slap shot from a chancy 40 feet out with one minute 41 seconds gone.

St. Louis had only a tie to its credit in four regular-season games with Montreal, but on Sunday the Blues hit, skated, checked, shot and in all ways behaved as if they belonged on the same rink. Twice Montreal had to come from behind just to catch up, Barclay Plager scoring first for St. Louis and then Henri Richard for Montreal. Then in the second period Montreal's Yvan Cournoyer had to score to get the Canadiens even for a goal by that wild-eyed has-been, Richard Winston Moore, and into the sudden-death overtime. There is something about Dickie that the years cannot change.

END

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Some who know the score

Or at least they should. The sportswriters employed to decide hits and errors are an embattled lot. The players claim they are never right

Baseball is an argumentative game, right? And the worst brouhahas are between outraged players and stern, immobile umpires, right? Well, not always. There was the time in 1957, for instance, when Johnny Temple of the Cincinnati Reds paid a \$100 fine and was forced to apologize publicly after he socked a man in the eye. His victim—tormentor, Temple might have said—was Cincinnati Sportswriter Earl Lawson. Lawson was the official scorer for a game the Reds had just played. His crime: he had charged Temple with an error on a hard-hit ball.

Outside of an umpire's questionable call, there is nothing in all of baseball that will give a player the psychic hots faster than a debatable decision by a scorer. Scorers' judgments have made petulant boys, crybabies and alibi artists out of otherwise friendly, clean-cut American types. They have led to numerous bitter scenes that the fans seldom see and to nasty grudges that have lasted for years. The scorer, by baseball law and tradition, is a sportswriter. He sits behind his portable typewriter in the press box and has "sole authority to make all decisions involving judgment such as whether a batter's advance to first base is the result of a hit or an error." After the game he fills out a detailed, time-consuming form that is later sent to league headquarters. For this he gets \$30 a game, which is fair, and "the respect and dignity of his office," which is a joke.

"Baseball is a game of statistics and hallplayers make their money on the basis of how well they stack up statistically," says Bob Sudyk of the *Cleveland Press*. "Scoring decisions are important to them and it's almost impossible to make any tough scoring ruling without displeasing someone."

"I've always felt that the \$30 recompense is \$1 for scoring and \$19 for the

official form and \$29 for the abuse," says Neal Eskridge of the *Baltimore News-American*.

For example, in the Oriole clubhouse after a game in 1962, Infielder Jerry Adair, who had been charged with an error, found out that Eskridge had been the scorer. He called the writer over, cursed him thoroughly and imaginatively, and told him, "Never talk to me again." They did not speak to each other for almost four years.

Usually it is the journeyman .240 hitter who sulks and complains, but not always. The Red Sox' Jackie Jensen, 1958 American League MVP, once lashed a ball through a Tiger outfielder's legs on the fly only to have Larry Claflin of the *Boston Record American* call it an error. Later in the game Jensen singled cleanly, from first base he looked toward the press box and made a gesture which could have been described as less than inspirational to kids in the stands.

A less public way to register disenchantment with the scorer is to telephone. In one game Dick Farrell, then with Houston, was knocked out of the box by the Dodgers and before the inning was over he was on the phone to the press box berating Scorer George Lederer of the *Long Beach Independent Press-Telegram* because the runs were earned.

"There hadn't been anything close to an error in the inning but Farrell insisted they shouldn't be earned runs," said Lederer. "Figure that one out."

Even owners feel compelled to give scorers a piece of their mind. Last season Chl Keane of the *Boston Globe* scored a hit and an error on a grounder to rookie Infielder Mike Andrews. Owner Tom Yawkey accosted Keane in the press box between games of the doubleheader and raised hell. He apologized the next day.

"All scorers are prejudiced, the whole

continued

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BASEBALL continued

bunch of them," says Jim Nash of the A's. "They favor the teams high up in the race and they favor players who are having good years. All Frank Robinson has to do is hit the ball and nine times out of 10, if there is a question, the scorers give him a hit. It doesn't do any good to complain to a scorer. He'll just rook you worse the next time."

The remark about Robinson is ironic since the Oriole star is sure his teammate, Brooks Robinson, gets favored treatment over him. In a game against the Twins last season Frank hit a two-run homer in the 10th to win for Baltimore, but all he could talk about in the clubhouse was how he had been gyped out of a single earlier in the game when an infield grounder was ruled an error.

Few players go as far as Frank Robinson, but even the writers admit there have been some grounds for malpractice suits. One of the worst scoring calls was in favor of a player. Vic Davalillo of Cleveland came up to bat for the last time in the next-to-last game of the season needing a hit to lift his average to .300. He hit a bouncer straight to Brooks Robinson, who dropped it. Davalillo was given a hit, his average rose to .301 and he did not play the next day.

"That was awful," said Robinson. "I remember that play well. I took my eye off the ball for a second. It was an error. They obviously gave him a hit so he could hit .300 for the season."

Most players think scoring would be improved if it were done from the field level rather than from an upper-deck press box. "You can't judge the speed of a ball from up there," says Russ Snyder of the White Sox, "and you can't tell whether a runner would have beaten out a slow-hit ball even if the fielder had handled it cleanly."

Many also think they should be consulted after the game on close plays. "Malarkey," says Watson Spoelstra of the Detroit Free Press. "I never interview players on scoring matters because ballplayers are the poorest judges of scoring. Most of them don't know the scoring rules. In fact, a lot of them don't even know the playing rules."

Most scorers are willing to listen to rational arguments, however. In an August 1953 Senator-Yankee game, Bob Addie of *The Washington Post* gave Phil Rizzuto an error on a ground ball hit by Washington's Mackey Vernon. The

continued



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next day Rizzuto told Addie the hall had taken a weird, last-second skip. Umpire Art Passarella agreed and Addie changed the play to a hit. On the final day of the season Vernon beat out Al Rosen of Cleveland for the batting title by one point .337 to .336.

Phil Collier of the *San Diego Union* once called an error on a play in which the Angels' Jose Cardenal thought he should have had a hit. Bill Rigney asked point blank if the call could be changed to lift Cardenal's spirits. After some discussion, Collier changed the borderline call. He told Cardenal the next day and the spiritually uplifted player just turned his back and walked away. Collier vowed he would never change another call.

On rare occasions sportsmanship rears its pretty head. A few years ago, when Wayne Causey was playing shortstop for the Athletics and Jerry Lumpe was at second base, Paul O'Boynick of the *Kansas City Star*, his vision partially obscured by an umpire, gave an error to Causey when he appeared to drop a toss from Lumpe on a potential double play. The next day Lumpe approached O'Boynick and said, "The error should be on me. I made a bad throw." O'Boynick changed his ruling.

Many players believe ex-umpires or ex-players should score games. Most writers, they claim, have never played high-level baseball. To which Dick Young of the *New York Daily News* has replied, "I never had an egg either, but I know a rotten one when I smell it."

The silliest and most frequent gripe from players is the one that goes, "Other teams get breaks from the scorers in their towns. Why don't we?" They are convinced that in nine cities the scorers favor the home players but in their own particular city the scorers are impartial. Of course, 60% of the players are convinced there is a scoring conspiracy in behalf of pitchers. The other 40%, who happen to be pitchers, think just the opposite.

"As if we don't have trouble enough," says Dick Miller of the *Santa Monica Evening-Darkwood*, "now the fans are in the act, too. One day I had a tough call at an Angel game. When they announced the decision, everybody booed. My wife, who was there, stood up and said, 'You can't boo him. He's my husband.' So everybody in the section booed her." Miller should have given his wife the \$30. Or at least the \$29.

END



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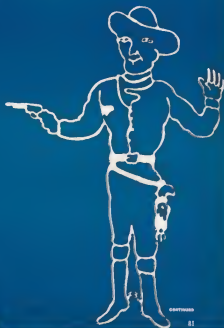
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WHAT'S BECOME OF THE BIG BEAR?

BY
JACK OLSEN



CONTINUED

Sonny Liston, secure at last in a town that suits him well, has championship plans once again

Sonny Liston drove up to the Silver Slipper Gambling Hall and Saloon, stepped out of his Cadillac, entered the clinking and clanking jackpot world of Las Vegas and threaded his way through the familiar tableau: the fat man straddling two chairs and shoving nickels into a pair of slots, the grim widow throwing away their insurance money, the businessmen chasing their losses, the cool-eyed pit bosses sizing up the action, the ladies of the evening trying to make a connection. Sonny had seen it all a thousand times over, and it held no particular interest for him. Sonny Liston is no sociologist.

As he headed for the second floor arena he passed some of the boys, the tight boys who spend their time trading memories and expertise and anticipation, guys who are trying to figure out right now, for various purposes and differing dreams that are all their own, if Sonny Liston is still a fighter—a real fighter—and if Sonny Liston might, just might, be a heavyweight champion once again. The eyes that followed him so intently were those of boxing's faithful derelicts, refugees from the days when the sport was (well) something, worried little men from the twin beaches of Miami and Jacobs, hustlers and tourists, ex-bookies, paunchy wiremen and runners and hand-cappers, all assembled in their last resort. They spoke in mangled accents: the hard Rs of South State Street mixed with the lost Rs of Eastern Parkway, with here and there a touch of red-eye-gravy talk from somebody who once bulked large on the streets of Hot Springs

or New Orleans. Some of them seemed disoriented and lost, they had spent their lives looking over their shoulders and now they missed the comfort of insecurity. Their entire way of life had been upset by this city that smiles on so many acts that are misdemeanors elsewhere: a city where Sonny Liston can feel completely at home, where it is of no importance whether he dumped his fights with Cassius Clay or gave his all, where everything is forgiven: the things he did, the things he may have done and the things he never did at all.

Sonny smiled easy, shook a few hands, endured the slaps on the back. The tight crowd is full of people who want to take a friendly whack at Sonny. "How you doin', Champ?" *Whack*. "Good to see yeh, baby." *Whack*. "The wife let chew out, huh, Son?" *Whack*. A psychiatrist would have had a field day observing these old sports clubbing the former heavyweight champion of the world into symbolic submission.

Sonny accepted the attacks and edged his way into the arena for the Wednesday night fights at the Silver Slipper, where a weekly card marks another step in the struggle to keep the fluttery heart of club fighting pumping away. "See how Sonny's accepted?" said a man in a plaid shirt and striped tie. "Sonny gets along with just about everybody in Las Vegas." As though on cue the P.A. announcer informed the crowd of a few hundred flocks of them in on freebies, like Sonny and me) that there were celebrities in the audience. Liston's name was mentioned first. It drew the loudest

cheers, out ~~into~~ the musty booth, and one voice called from the back, "Aw, he couldn't beat Princess Margaret?" Sonny said softly, "No, it don't bother me. I boo people, too. It don't mean nothin'. They're boom' just to be boom'." He laughed a big old bass-drum laugh, *ho ho ho*, like Santa Claus.

"Sonny's relaxed in Las Vegas," his friend Lem Banker had told me. "Nobody expects Sonny to do anything, nobody puts any pressure on him. He's our guest, and we don't even ask him to pay. Don't forget, being heavyweight champion of the world is something. How many heavyweight champs have there been in history? Were you ever one? Was I? This is probably the greatest title anybody can hold in sports, and Sonny did it the hard way. Everybody just recalls the second Clay fight, when he was knocked out in the first round. But think back when he started fighting. He fought everybody, fought some of the toughest fellows in the ring, and all those years he had to wait for a shot at the title."

Think back when he started fighting.

In my own mind I had never been able to separate the Liston of the pre-Clay era, Liston the most feared fighter on earth, from the legend of Polyphemus the Cyclops, a rugged heavyweight of another time. Homer might have been describing either one. *A remarkable monster, not at all like a bread-eating mortal. Rather more like some lefty mountain whose wooded peak stands out alone, apart from the rest of the range. Back in those days when Sonny was belting everybody out and never changing expression, to look at him was to shudder. "He's a nice man," his wife Geraldine used to explain. "He's just got that look on him." And all of us fight fans would take another look, and we would tell Geraldine to tell it to the Marines. Every now and then Sonny would open his mouth and utter a few monosyllable words, and it was Polyphemus the Cyclops all over again. So terribly did the graft enter of that monstrous man. Crash in the air that our hearts were shattered with fear.*

Through my own love of admiring heavyweight champions, men like the slaphappy Max Baer and the rage-to-riches Jimmy Braddock and the mumbly, kindly Joe Louis and the Bible-reading Joe Walcott and the earnest Rocky Marciano and the troubled Floyd Patterson, Sonny Liston was the only heavyweight champion who absolutely terrified me, the only one from whom I would have run in a dark alley. Most people felt the same way. Now, it seems a hundred years ago.

When Liston fought Cassius Clay for the first time we all piled into a car and drove 30 miles on a cold night to an armory where the giant figures were being screened in fuzzy splendor, and for six rounds every spectator in the unnatural setting, 1,000 miles from the scene of the action, breathed a spoken prayer that Clay would not be killed. Whatever the outcome, *don't let him be killed*. When

the fight was over, *let the spectacle* took a whole new view of the power of prayer.

Sonny had a look on him, all right. Those were the days when he was regarded as the personification of evil, and the journalists, including me, crept about him and were hesitant to ask incisive questions. "Don't be afraid," Geraldine used to counsel. "He don't bite." We poor, petty men were not going to try to find out. Instead, we called him The Big Bear, because maybe he did bite, and we described his look as "baleful," a word which means "foreboding evil." Anybody who did not describe his look as baleful was thrown out of the writers' club.

Sonny the Cyclops used to put on training-camp spectacles in which he would belt grown men through the ropes, and his handlers would run around complaining that he was using up sparring

partners at the rate of one a day. Once I drove up to the Liston camp at South Fallsburg, N.Y., to see if it was all true. There was Sonny, glowering out from under his helmet, going three cruel rounds with a sprinting associate, Sonny jumping rope to the harsh strains of *Night Train*, Sonny standing in nonchalance while Trainer Willie Reddush slammed a medicine ball into that hard black stomach, Sonny headstanding on the training table and lifting his whole weight into the air on his neck muscles while small boys and old ladies looked on and gasped at a dollar a throw.

Now, it takes almost an act of will to recall the time, not very long ago, when Sonny Liston was the most awe-inspiring fighter on earth, when the image of Liston the fighter was inseparable from the image of Liston the ex-con, Liston the stickup man, Liston the union strong-arm guy, Liston the cool assassin with the baleful look and the stomach of iron and the neck muscles that could hold up mountains. Opponents came in and opponents sailed out, like enemies coming over the ropes at Popeye. Zora Folley, Eddie Machen, Cleveland Williams, Marty Marshall, Roy Harris, Bert Whitburn, Frankie Daniels, Wayne Besheer—and finally the world champion, Floyd Patterson, knocked insensible twice in less time than it takes to shave.

And then the most frightening figure on earth lost two fights to a boy. Suddenly Sonny Liston was a bum, a stiff, a fake.

Many people thought he had quit too soon at the first Clay fight (when he claimed an injured arm and did not come out for the seventh) and that he took a dive in the second (when he was knocked out in one minute of the first round). There was hardly any street-level opposition to either theory, and the Liston balloon was so thoroughly deflated that the very people who had been terrified of him now goaded and teased him from a safe distance. Sonny had played a small part in a movie and when it was released after the Clay fights the marquee on a Texas movie house said: SEE LISTON—ON HIS FEET! Floyd Patterson wrote derisively of the man who

continued



Even the impassive entertainer, Liston works out before a rowdy crowd prior to his Marquis fight

BIG BEAR Continued

had bombed him twice, and the daily columnists tried to outdo one another in telling their clientele what a coward and a cheat Liston was. Indelibly tagged as the bad guy, the heavy, the crime syndicate's favorite team, Polyphemus the Cyclops sank swiftly out of sight.

A young fighter was getting torn up in the Silver Slipper ring, and a lady called out to Sonny Liston's companion, a smiling, pompadoured Las Vegas businessman: "How can you laugh when that boy's getting beat up so bad?"

"I don't know," Sonny's friend said. "It's just fun."

"Yeah," said Sonny. "It's fun out here in the audience. But not up there it ain't."

Sonny explained that he feels sorry for losing boxers. "I stopped a fight one night," he said. "I was just sittin' at ringside and this boy had lost all the rounds and he was the eighth or ninth and he was still gettin' beat, so I said to his corner, 'Man, stop the fight!'"

"He says, 'I can't!'"

"I says, 'I can't throw no towel in! Do something!' So he got up there and stopped it." Sonny laughed at the memory of his own audacity.

Next a pair of professionals climbed into the ring, and one of them was totally bald. "Jack Johnson's come back from the dead," Sonny said reverently. The fight began and the bald boxer's opponent went into a left-handed stance. "Jack Johnson lose," Liston predicted before the match was a minute old. "Them punches comin' from the wrong side. Nobody look good against a south-paw." Sonny was right. Jack Johnson lose.

For the rest of the evening Sonny was full of advice to fighters and cornermen alike. When one boy staggered back and the second waved a bottle under his nose, Sonny called, "Give him the good stuff, the capsule you break!"

After a first-round flurry Liston hollered to a young professional, "Don't run outa gas, kid!" To the corner he said, "Slow him down! He's got a long road to go. . . Hey, man, lean him back against the ropes when you work

on him or that other fighter's gonna lean him back!" Sonny is a great believer in plenty of rest for a boxer, especially during a bout. He handicapped the feature fight solely on the basis of a fighter's need for rest and rehabilitation. One fighter did not sit down between rounds. "He gotta lose," said Liston. "A fighter needs that rest."

"What's he trying to prove by standing up?" I asked.

"He's provin' how to get killed," Sonny said. The fighter lost. "The next fight he'll be settin' down," said Sonny.

While the crowd was hustling out, Sonny vanished into the promoter's room and came hurrying out with two sets of boxing gloves. "Here," he said to a pair of newly married friends he had spotted, "take these! You gonna need 'em!" The cronies laughed. Sonny can read from the Clark County phone book and get a laugh in Las Vegas. He said, "When I won the title I had my gloves set in bronze, like baby shoes. Later on I gave Geraldine a pair of mink boxing gloves. When we fight now she uses her minks and I uses my bronzes. That's why I always win."

Walking to the parking lot, Sonny and his companion nearly were bumped by a well-dressed woman. "Oh, Sonny!" she said apologetically. "You don't have to speak to me tonight, 'cause tonight I'm drunk."

Sonny said, "Oh, hello, how are you?" and the lady wobbled into the night. A friend of Sonny's climbed into a yellow Jaguar and drove off in a cloud of fumes and scorching rubber, but Sonny maneuvered his green and black Fleetwood sedan out of its parking space with slow dignity, signaled a right turn and headed majestically toward home.

For a man who has managed to get into trouble in a multiplicity of cities, Sonny Liston seems to have made an admirable adjustment to Las Vegas. "He's living the life of a country square here," says Boxing Promoter Mel Greb, who was among the original group that urged Sonny to come to the desert. "He plays a little 21 for a dollar or two, and when he isn't in training he just generally goof

off. He's resolved to be a good boy. He's reserved."

According to Geraldine Liston, Sonny was just as reserved and noncommittal in Denver, their previous haunt, but the police kept so much heat on him that it was impossible to live a normal life. "Here in Las Vegas it's different," says the pert lady who always tried to make up for her husband's taciturnity and usually succeeded. "Since we've lived here Sonny hasn't had a parking ticket, he hasn't even been stopped and he's never been followed. In Denver they followed him every place he drove."

"At first Sonny was a little reluctant to come here," Greb recalls. "He told me, 'I don't want to be sittin' at one table and have my friends sittin' at another.' I said, 'There's a small amount of segregation in Las Vegas, but it's leavin' fast.' He said, 'I don't believe it.' But then it came to pass that Sonny was running out of places to live."

The Listons were welcomed to Las Vegas in March of 1966, and the welcome has not worn off. "It's really nice for us here," says Sonny. "I gotta say that. At all the hotels I never have to pay for nothin', they always pick up the tab. Everybody always wants me to come out and eat and eat, but you know I get tired of it. I like my wife's cookin' and anyway she don't have nothin' else to do all day." He laughed at Geraldine's discomfiture.

The word has been circulated in Las Vegas that Liston is now square with the mob. Though little was ever proved, it has always been assumed that certain underworld elements were cutting the fighter from the beginning. "Not long ago he paid his way out of all that," an insider explains. "He's clean."

Today it is almost impossible to talk to any Las Vegas about Liston without first having to endure an impassioned 15-minute defense of Sonny's character.

"Nobody cares about his past anymore," says Banker, who runs the Sahara Health Club. "Since he came here he's been very tacitful, very diplomatic. He's been generous and his manners are above reproach. We're lucky to have him. When he first came to town he

had contracted to fight in Sweden and he couldn't find a decent place to work out, so he started coming to my health club and I put him into a conditioning program." Sonny has become a regular at Banker's club and, at the very least, strips down for a weight-reducing sauna. "Gets the impurities out," Sonny explains. "If you don't sweat 'em out, they stays in you."

One day Liston was seated on the wood bench in the sauna when a middle-aged man with a pot belly opened the door and started to walk into the stifling little room. There was Liston, 225 pounds of him, hateful look and all, bemuscle body gleaming like the Emperor Jones in the last act. The man looked both ways, saw no ready exit, tiptoed in and took a position on the bench next to the fighter. For five minutes the newcomer shot sideways glances at the dark hulk sitting naked next to him, but he stopped looking when Sonny returned the stare. "Nice day," the man blurted. The thermometer in the sauna registered 206° at the time.

"Ummmmmm," said Sonny, and the conversation was over.

But if he is the same old silent Sonny with others, Liston has at least learned to open up with his new pals in Las Vegas. "He'll talk about anything," Banker says, "and sometimes he gets carried away and he's really funny, really one of the boys. I guess there's only one thing we don't talk about, at least I've never heard him discuss the subject. That's the second fight with Clay. The first fight we talk about once in a while. But never the second."

The Listons live in a \$50,000 pastel-green split-level at 2058 Ottawa Drive in Las Vegas, and if you walk too fast through the house and out the back door you will wind up on the 16th fairway of the Stardust Country Club, provided you have not fallen in the 10-by-30-foot swimming pool or tripped over the playground equipment implanted in the yard for the delight of the younger friends of the childless couple. The house is neatly landscaped by trees, shrubbery and a pair of Cadillacs in the driveway. Son-

continued

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No counter of calories—he says his weight is part of his image—Sonny also has his usual treat.

my's big green and black job and Geraldine's shocking-pink convertible. The gay paint goes back to the days when the good times rolled. "I had this pink sweater and I just loved the color of it," Geraldine recalls, "so we had the car painted to match." Once there was a time when the Listons made gestures like that, although they never ranked as the biggest spenders in the heavy-weight division. In the dining room of their tastefully decorated house there is a gold tea service that catches the eye. "It used to be silver," Geraldine says, "but all that polishing got kinda old, and I had it gold-plated over the silver." On a tour of the house the Listons passed over many items of taste and delicacy to show off a handsome hand-carved jewelry box made by an inmate of a Colorado prison. "In jail," Sonny explains solemnly, "a guy got time on his hands."

Sonny wandered off briefly and Geraldine talked about Las Vegas. "We never had a bit of trouble when we moved in here," she said, "and you know this isn't integrated over here. The people been so nice."

We reassembled in the den, a long, large room lined with pictures and paintings of Liston as champion, a statue of President Kennedy, Sonny's bronzed boxing gloves and Geraldine's mink ones, and various other memorabilia, all dusted and carefully in place. Sonny lounged on a long window seat and tried his best to stay awake. "Been huntin' rabbits," he said with great effort, "and when we hunts rabbits, we don't get much sleep. We leave at 2 o'clock in the morning."

"Don't know how you can keep up that hunting," Geraldine said. "Walking 20 miles a day through that sand, a man

of your age." She laughed and slapped her sides. "Why, you must be 60!" Sonny yawned. This was a family joke and he was not called upon to respond.

"Charles is 35 now, but the newspapers keep saying he's older," Geraldine explained. "When he moved a couple times over Sweden, they started that same old stuff. They interviewed him, and they said, 'You're 42, aren't you?' And another reporter said, 'He's 40 years old. I know for a fact that Joe Walcott boxed with him.' And one said, 'He has a daughter 25.' I said to Charles, 'Where's that 25-year-old daughter hidin'?' But we can prove his age." And in a moment she had found a birth certificate attesting to the fact that Charles Liston was born May 8, 1932, in Forrest City, Ark., the child of Helen and Tobe Liston of Rural Rt. 2, St. Francis County.

"When he lost that second fight to Clay," Geraldine said, "they wrote that he looked like an old man. Well, I guess they got to write something."

One slowly got the impression that the first weeks after the Clay fights must have been trying ones for the Listons, living in Denver under the eager eye of the police department, reading the attacks on Sonny in the press, hearing the broad hints that he had thrown the fight. If none of this bothered the loser, it certainly bothered the wife. "We got those crank letters right after the fight," she said. "They wrote, 'You lost my money.' I wrote 'em back and I said, 'What about the money you won?' I wrote many a letter back. Answered every one."

I asked if anyone had accused Sonny pointblank of throwing the fight. Sonny raised himself up on an elbow. "Yeah," he said slowly.

What did he do about it?

"Well, you don't want me to tell you what I told them, do you?" For a second Polyphemus the Cyclops had returned, but then he subsided to the cushions. "No, you don't want to hear nothin' like that," he said in a voice that was barely audible.

Had he lost any friends after the fight?

"No," Sonny said matter-of-factly. "I had my friends in my pocket."

Well, would he care to explain exactly what happened that night in Maine?

Sonny cleared his throat, sat up and began talking like a man who is discussing a painful subject for the absolute last time. "Clay caught me cold and the count was messed up, and that's all they was to it," he said. "Clay knocked me down with a good punch. Anybody can get caught cold in the first round, before you even work up a sweat. And when I was down, Clay stood right over me. No, I never blacked out, not for a second. But I wasn't gonna get up, either, not with him standin' over me. See, you can't get up without puttin' one hand on the floor, and so I couldn't protect myself, and he can hit me on the way up.

"So there was Walcott [Referee Jersey Joe Walcott] and Clay wrasslin' over me and Walcott finally got him to a corner or somethin', and then I got up and Clay come back and we started back to fightin' again.

"And Nat Fletcher [Nat Fleischer, editor of *The Ring Magazine*] began wavin' his arms at ringside and Walcott stopped the fight. Nowadays Nat Fletcher says he was just callin' Walcott over to tell him that the timekeeper wanted to see him or somethin', but other people says it was Nat Fletcher stopped the fight.

"I was never counted out. I coulda got up even right after I was hit. And I still felt pretty good when I did get up. I mean I could still go on. What Walcott shoulda done, he shoulda sent Cassius to a neutral corner. When the referees call you out in the center of the ring before a fight, they tells you that: go to a neutral corner. And that's when they count you out, not with no fighter standin' right over you.

"They shouldn't have fighters referencin' no fights no way," Sonny added, now back in his horizontal position. "They should have people that don't get excited."

Does he still consider himself a better fighter than Clay?

"Yeah," Sonny said, with the air of someone confirming that gold is heavier than helium.

continued

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.



PRONOUNCE IT
"TANKER-RAY"

Could Sonny Liston beat Cassius Clay? Or, for that matter, beat Joe Frazier, or beat Jimmy Ellis? Could he be the champion again?

Not counting an exhibition or two, Liston has fought five times since losing to Clay at Lewiston, four times in Sweden. His first match was in June 1966, against the lumbering Gerhard Zech at Stockholm, and although he knocked the German out in the seventh round, Sonny was not impressive. "Nobody look good against a southpaw," he reminded his friends.

Sonny's next fight was at Goteborg against Amos Johnson, who enjoyed the distinction of having defeated Clay in the amateurs. Liston knocked Johnson down three times and won in the third round.

But now a problem arose. Sonny had agreed to three fights in Sweden for Promoter Ingemar Johansson, but after the

second fight nobody was enthusiastic about facing Liston. "We couldn't find any opponents," says Geraldine. "First they tried to get Milton Berle. [Both Listons continually refer to Germany's Karl Mildenberger as Milton Berle.] But he wouldn't take the fight. Nobody wanted to fight Charles. The managers holler like a pig on a fence. The public say he's through, and they base it all on the Clay fights. But nobody wants to fight him, so he can't be *too* through."

Finally a match—of sorts—was made against Dave Bailey in March 1967 in Goteborg. Sonny knocked Bailey out in the first round. A month later in Stockholm he knocked out Elmer ("Have gloves, will travel") Rush in the sixth.

By now Liston was hankering for the big time again. The World Boxing Association said there was no suspension against him. He was licensed to fight in Nevada and Massachusetts, and just this

winter California granted him a license to fight there. A month ago, in his most significant showing, Sonny TKO'd a fairly well-considered West Coast heavyweight, Bill McMurray, in the fourth round at Reno, and the consensus of the men with the hard eyes was that he had looked convincing doing it. Liston was heavy, at 223, and the fat bulged over his trunks, but the two men who cared most about his performance did not mind the weight at all. "Sonny's in condition," said his trainer, Dick Saddler, "and I don't care what he weighs, if he's in shape, he's gonna make 'em fall." Sonny, something of a new-look Sonny with a laugh ready for questioners, agreed with Saddler: "It's like Minnesota Fats. He says if he lost his weight he'd lose his image. I don't care what I weigh as long as I feel good."

Now Sonny trains every day at the Silver Slipper and gets up at 6 a.m. each

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THE  **EQUITABLE**

BIG BEAR *continued*

morning to run five miles, and when he gets hit with the big question he counters with the big answer:

"What are your plans?"

"To get back on top."

But Sonny is not doing a lot of worrying about that goal. A fight is planned for later this month against Billy Joiner in Los Angeles, and after that the future is as ill-defined as a crap player's fortunes.

"I take things as they come," Sonny says. "I don't sit around thinkin' a whole lot. When you sit around and think about things, you get gray-headed. When you worry . . . I just don't. What's gonna be is gonna be."

"What I'd really like to see Charles do is become a businessman and work with kids on the side, like he wants to," Geraldine says. "This fighting is for the birds. Too many headaches. You have to fight too many people, not just in the ring. I don't know whether you call this a comeback or not, what Charles is doing, but he ain't gonna box no four, five more years, I can promise you that. If he don't make it back up by the end of this year, they can have it. Charles only has to lose one fight and he'll quit. If he'd lost that first fight in Sweden he'd have gone straight into business."

But metamorphosing Sonny Liston into a businessman is not as simple a process as it is with some other athletes. "You get all these business offers," Geraldine says, "but they always want you to put up money. See, a name like Stan Musial means something all by itself, because he's a white athlete. And Arnold Palmer, he have it easy. But Sonny's name isn't worth anything unless he sweetens it with some money of his own."

"Well, the trouble is Sonny's got no money to put up," says a Las Vegas gambling figure and Liston confidant. "He talks about buying into one of the hotels in Vegas, but what with? He has some money coming from his fights, money that was tied up, but he may never see any of that. When he went to Sweden to fight the first time, he had to borrow \$3,000 from the bank on his car. He doesn't spend much. He doesn't

throw it around. But remember: he was cut up pretty good. He never knew what was going on.

"What I think will happen if Sonny's comeback fails is he'll go to work. Just plain take a job. Sonny's not proud. If he has to work in construction or something like that, why, that's exactly what he'll do."

Outside the showroom at the gaudy Caesars Palace, where Sonny likes to wander around early in the evenings these days, there are two entrances, one where 500 people wait in line for their "reservations," another where ushers whisk honored guests to their seats. Sonny and Geraldine and their companions started to take a place in the line, at Liston's behest, but a guard saw them and directed the two couples to a Roman-style booth with scalloped leather backs, the best seats in the house. "Why did you want us to get in line?" I asked Sonny.

As usual Geraldine answered. "That's just the way he is. Once when we had reservations at the Flamingo, Charles went up to the man at the door and the man said, 'Get in line!' Charles didn't tell the man who he was, we just went back and stood in line."

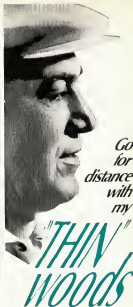
"Well, what's the use of arguin' with him?" Liston asked. "If I say I'm Sonny Liston, and he says, 'I don't care who you are?' then what do I do? That's why I never say nothin'."

The appearance of the former world champion, looking slightly uncomfortable in an iridescent green suit with cuffs on the jacket, brown alligator shoes, diamond tiepin and shiny blue-green tie, caused a stir in the crowded nightclub, and a middle-aged reveler in a table above and behind us tapped Sonny on the shoulder. "You look familiar," the man said. "Who are you anyway?"

"Willie Mays," Sonny said, without a trace of expression.

The stranger became enraptured by this information. He leaned far down from his table and smacked Sonny on the shoulder. "Why, Willie!" he said. "You're the greatest that's ever lived in baseball!" Sonny nodded his thanks. "You could make \$100 million with the

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BIG BEAR *continued*

right manager." The blows of admiration rained on, but Sonny kept on smiling and nodding. Then the man's voice turned fatherly. "Now, Willie," he said, "you know and I know you're not gonna be able to play much longer."

"Yeah, I know that," Sonny admitted.

"You gotta make your money right now, while you're on top," the man said.

"Right," said Liston. The man handed over his business card. "You need me and I need you, Willie," he said, with 86-proof sincerity. "If you're ever in Bakersfield, Willie, look me up. Anytime at all. I raise potatoes. Anything in potatoes." Sonny said he certainly would.

Sonny ordered the crabmeat cocktail and New York cut steak and cheese cake with two scoops of vanilla ice cream, the same diet that has been sustaining his great bulk for years. He told the joke about the priest who refused a drink in an airliner "because I'm too close to the home office," and then he began to nod off, the amenities of the social whirl having been observed. All at once he opened his eyes and said, "What we gonna do when he finds out?"

"Finds out what?" Geraldine asked.

"That I ain't Willie Mays."

"Don't worry about it," Geraldine said soothingly.

Soon the curtains parted on a typical Las Vegas extravaganza, with 50 beautiful girls cavorting all over the place, up staircases and down, trailing gaudy strips of silk and blinking their inch-long lashes at the footlights. Sonny watched lazily. There was a crash of cymbals, the lights changed dramatically from purple to red, and a male Negro dancer, stripped to the waist, made a grand entrance at the head of the staircase. To the beat of pounding drums he dashed down the stairs, dipped in and out of the long lines of half-naked beauties, whirled a few of them about and spurned the advances of others.

The potato man had to poke Sonny several times to get his attention. "Hey, Willie," the man said. "Don't you wish you were that guy up there?"

Polyphemus the Cyclops laughed politely. "I was," he said.

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

In the clubhouse after he won his first big-league game with a five-hitter, BALTIMORE (6-0) rookie Pitcher Dave Loefer had so excited he thought he had lost his pants until a writer pointed out that he was sitting on them. That sort of wackiness set the tone for the Orioles as they moved up to first. Even with Frank Robinson out with mumps, Curt Blefary frolicking in the locker room with Levey—the monkey given to him by some fans—and Catcher Andy Etchebarren benched while leading the league's hitters, the Birds put together a seven-game win streak behind hot hitting by Blefary and Brooks Robinson, who batted .391 and .348. Only Jim McGlothlin could throw a complete game for CALIFORNIA (5-2), so masterminding Manager Bill Rigney juggled 21 pitchers in the other games and came up with four more wins. OAKLAND (4-2) enjoyed its best hitting of the year against the Red Sox, bashing out 37 safeties in a three-game sweep over the defending champs. CLEVELAND'S (4-2) excellent pitching staff was tougher than ever, with Sam McDowell, Luis Tiant and Steve Hagan pitching consecutive three-hitters before Sotny Siebert and Stan Williams combined to allow just two. A pair of those victories were shutouts, running the Indians' total to six in their first 10 wins. CHICAGO (3-3), still bogged down in the cellar by its early losing streak, began to dig out on the tight pitching of Tommy John, Cusko Carlos and Gary Peters, who also had the Sox' big hit of the week with a game-winning grand-slam homer. For MINNESOTA (3-4), Rod Carew, batting a .409 average for the week, and John Roseboro who broke a 0-29 slump with a 5-for-5 game, could not do it all alone. The Twins were shut out twice and

fell to third. DETROIT (3-4) fell, too, right down from the league lead, as the hitters slumped to a .217 team average, and the pitchers followed suit and allowed 19 runs in the losses. The once fearsome Yankees hit just one homer all week and only Bill Monbouquette, who raised his season's record to 4-1, pitched a complete game, as NEW YORK (2-5) dropped to eighth. Big Frank Howard hit .400 for the week, but his shoddy fielding at first base and flat-footed base running cost WASHINGTON (1-4) two victories. BOSTON'S (1-6) pitching staff has always been suspect, so it was not too surprising when 25 pitchers worked fruitlessly in the losses. What did surprise Sox fans was Carl Yastrzemski, who hit just .167 for the week. He has not had a homer in 15 games and has had just one RBI in the last two weeks.

Standings: BAL 15-6 Det 14-8 Min 12-10 Cle 11-11 Wash 11-11 Chi 10-12
Cal 10-11 NY 10-13 Bos 8-12 Phi 8-14

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Not much more could be expected of CINCINNATI'S (5-2) Pete Rose. He hit .438 for the week, took over the league lead in batting with a .404 season average and ran his consecutive-game hitting streak to 20. But the best may be yet to come. Says Rose, "Don't ask me why I'm hitting so well. The funny thing about it is that we haven't played the Phillies or Pirates yet and they're the two clubs I usually hit best." With four games against the Phillies this week, the Reds, who had moved up to second, were in a good spot to jump farther. PITTSBURGH (4-3) lost three one-run games, two of them when the opposition scored in the ninth. Worse, Roberto Clemente slumped badly—his season average is .126 lower than his .357 of last year. Former pro-basketball

player Ron Reed won his first two starts for ATLANTA (4-3) with TEO FRANCONA, who was also making his first Brave start, driving in two runs and scoring two more in Reed's initial win. NEW YORK'S (3-3) pitching was again masterful, allowing no earned runs in three games, but the batters averaged just .195, once more preventing a surge upward. Catcher Mike Ryan and Infielder Bill White were credited with game-winning, ninth-inning RBIs for PHILADELPHIA (3-3). The third victory, a squeaker, too, came when the Phillies scored five runs in the 11th inning. First-place ST. LOUIS (3-4) has a high-priced star at every position, but subs Dick Schofield and John Edwards were responsible for two Card wins. Schofield got four hits and three RBIs in one game, while Edwards touched off two rallies with hits in another. LOS ANGELES (3-4) relied on the excellent relief pitching of Jim Brewer, John Purdin and John Billingham, who combined to allow no runs in the 11 innings they pitched, in three wins. Larry Dierker and Denny Lemaster, two pitchers with losing records, shut out the league's best, the Cards and Reds, for HOUSTON (3-4), but the hitters failed to support less spectacular pitching and the Astros lost four games while scoring just five runs. CHICAGO'S (3-4) hitting (.262 for the year) is ranked as the league's second best. But the bullpen is shaky—it was charged with two losses and allowed four runs in another. Similarly, SAN FRANCISCO (3-4), led by Willie McCovey's .393 average and nine RBIs for the week, had plenty of hitting (35 runs scored), but three times misuses in the field opened the way for Giant defenses.

Standings: STL 15-8 SF 12-10 Cin 12-10 Phi 11-11 LA 11-12 Chi 11-12, NY 11-12, Pitt 10-11, NY 10-12 Hou 8-13

HIGHLIGHT

When he first joined the Yanks in 1964 many New Yorkers thought that Roger Repoz would be the new in the splendid line of Yankee heroes—Ruth, Gehrig, DiMaggio, Mantle and Repoz. He was a strong, 6' 2", 190-pound, left-handed batter from Bellingham, Wash., and he played the outfield like Mantle. If he had never hit in the minors for a high average, he had hit with power. But, once he put on the pinstripes, the power stopped, the comparisons with Mantle were heard no more and Repoz soon was packed off to the Yanks' graveyard in Kansas City. There he did not even develop into another Mike Hershberger, so the A's traded him to the Angels. That may turn out to be the best deal California ever made. Repoz now is the brightest new face among the American League's top hitters. "I

did too much experimenting with my stance," Repoz says. "But it isn't the stance that is important but the swing. That I never changed. The difference is I believe in my swing now." In this season of low averages, Repoz' .263 is respectable. It is outstanding when you consider the kind of hits he has been getting. After 22 games he leads the majors with eight homers and 19 RBIs. Last week he got only six hits, but two were homers, another, a ninth-inning single, beat Boston. He drove in nine runs in leading the Angels from ninth to sixth place. So far Repoz is responsible for more than half of California's home runs and a third of the team's RBIs. So where does Roger Repoz go from here? Next week to the National Guard. At 27 he is still in the Reserve and may be in the service for as many as 15 games between now and the All-Star break in July. His absence could be ruinous for the Angels.



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WEST POINT WINNER

Sirs:

John Underwood deserves to be commended for his story *On, Brave Old Army Team* (April 29). This is the first article I have read that not only dealt with Tom Cahill as a coach, but, more important, it examined Tom Cahill as a man.

RICHARD N. FRIEDMAN

Washington

Sirs:

We at the University of South Carolina were somewhat disheartened with your characterization of Paul Dietzel's coaching stint at the U.S. Military Academy. We, too, have failed to field a winning team since Coach Dietzel came to USC. Upon closer examination, however, we realized that the two teams fielded by Tom Cahill since Coach Dietzel's departure were entirely Dietzel-coached and largely Dietzel-coached.

Football prospects here are certainly looking up after two highly successful years of recruiting prep talent. We are anxiously and confidently awaiting the chance to compare our record with that compiled by Coach Cahill's own team over the next several years.

HUNTER ALLEN JR.
JAMES G. JOHNSON

Columbia, S.C.

THE BARBER (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your article *Barber is a Tough Business* (April 15 and 22) was excellent! It showed the people of New England just what kind of person Sal Maglie really is. He is just one of those men who has to find someone to blame for his failure.

Maglie says that the staff will foster because the Red Sox lack a competent pitching coach. But Boston's 1968 record is better than its record at this time in 1967, so chalk one up for new Red Sox Pitching Coach Durrell Johnson. If Maglie was trying to get sympathy he failed. In my opinion the Boston Red Sox are better off without him.

GLENDON H. POMEROY

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

There is no doubt in my mind that the sport of baseball is fast approaching the tragedy trail. Having been present last August 18th when Tony Conigliaro, our fine young outfielder, was beaned, I wonder when Fikert, Cronin and Giles are going to get tough with the Barbers of this world.

Unfortunately, many months transpired between the Conigliaro beating and the April diagnosis that he will probably never play again. The public has a short mem-

ory. It actually takes a death to get action, witness Benny Paret. "It's a part of the game!" yell the advocates of this lunacy which now exists. Ask Jimmy Hall, who has never been the same player, ask young Conigliaro, who had more than 100 home runs and a promising career ahead of him. Ask Carl Yastrzemski or Frank Robinson.

Any pitcher who hits a batter, *deliberately* or not, should be removed from that particular game and suspended for his next pitching turn. Now we argue about intent and everybody hides behind semantics. Take a pitcher from the game, and you'll be surprised how noticeably these "pitches that get away" diminish.

JOHN C. CURRY

Saugus, Mass.

Sirs:

Although the recent series by Sal Maglie proved to be as colorful as the man himself, the indefatigable Barber did manage to hang two factual curveballs in Part Two. Despite the fact that Sal asserted that he started the second game of the 1954 World Series and the fourth game of the 1956 Series, he was, in fact, the starting pitcher for the first and fifth games, respectively, of those two Series. Any follower of baseball would admit, however, that no pitcher should be held responsible for remembering the games he did not win.

ROGER W. GAESS

Syracuse, N.Y.

OLD SCORES

Sirs:

I was greatly disappointed in reading the reaction of your readers in 19TH HOLE (April 29). The Masters officials could have allowed Roberto de Vicenzo to correct his scorecard without penalty and without informing anyone of the error. Such an action would have avoided much criticism and controversy. However, Cliff Roberts and the rest of the officials were honest and honorable. They applied the rules of golf, fully realizing the consequences. Their action should be applauded, not criticized.

BRUCE BUDNER

Dallas

Sirs:

Why not adapt a variation of the typical weekend-golfer scoring procedure? Instead of having just one player keep score, however, have both men, or three in the case of a threesome pairing, keep a running scorecard. Each man must then exchange (verbally) his score with the other and mark down the scores of all members of his group.

As long as each member of the group must keep a scorecard, it certainly would

be no more trouble to mark down one or two more scores. And it would surely prevent further incidents such as occurred at the Masters.

REICHARD G. GYLLSTRÖM

Detroit, Ill.

HELL BENT GREY

Sirs:

Mr. Robert H. Boyle's article (*The Man Who Lived Two Lives*, April 29) on the life of Zane Grey was pleasurable reading. Mr. Boyle actually resurrected the man and poured life into him.

Zane Grey was, I actually believe, as great as any of the characters he invented and which he so well portrayed. Yet one of his characters who might have equaled him I shall never forget. And that was Hell Bent Wade, the hero in one of his Westerns. Even to this day, that man seems to me to be completely real.

Mr. Grey's adventures as a fisherman leave me cold. But I'll have to take my hat off to him for one thing, he took on fish that outweighed him as much as 5 to 1. What a contrast this is to the picture one often sees of the overgrown fat slab who has out-fought a five-pound bass.

EARL B. COYLE

Washington

NO. 5 1 AND 2

Sirs:

In your article on the Penn Relays (*The Moppy Runner Blazes On*, May 6) you made the point that Larry James, who ran the fastest 440 ever clocked when he ran his relay leg for Villanova's mile-relay team, was only No. 2 on his high school mile-relay team. You might have pointed out, too, that Aaron Hopkins of the University of Toledo, who set a new NC'AA record in the triple jump at the same meet, was not the best triple jumper ever at his high school. The best? Larry James, who was a couple of years behind Hopkins at White Plains (N.Y.) High School and who still holds the Westchester County record.

ROBERT SANQUHAR

New Rochelle, N.Y.

SPORT AND POLITICS

Sirs:

Now that the International Olympic Committee has reversed its stand on the admission of South Africa to the 1988 Games (*Switzerland from Yet to Never*, April 29), I'm sure there will be many who will deplore the unsavory mixture of politics and sport. But let's face it: had South Africa participated in the Games, the mixture would hardly be more savory.

Politics has to do with the way people

continued

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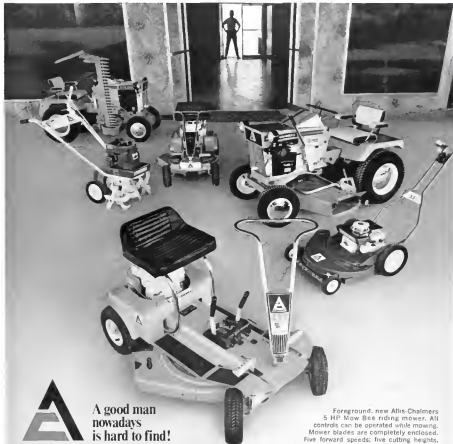
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19TH HOLE

athletes and not an insult to other Americans. It would show that the Olympics can still rise above politics.

LOUIS MURPHY II

New York City

A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW

Sirs:

Of SI's many fine biographical portraits, William Johnson's portrayal of Phil Woolpert (*Trouble at Obivert*, April 22) has to be one of the finest ever. A fascinating subject, well researched and cogently presented by a fine writer. A wonderful effort. Please, gently pressure Mr. Woolpert to write his autobiography. I am glad to have copies right now.

CHUCK R. ALLEN

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

I think Philippe D. Woolpert is a fine man, a fine coach, and a poor philosopher. He happened to be in the right place at the right time, i.e., at the University of San Francisco when it had the kind of team basketball coaches dream of. After he lost his "dream team" his record was less than mediocre. Now he coaches for a team that wins and loses equally — which seems to be what Woolpert stands for. He has forgotten that when two teams play there must be a winner.

Adolph Rupp once said, if winning isn't everything, then "why keep score?" As long as America competes she will continue to use her "bad system of values" and strive to win.

JOHN B. BARNESHIP

Shreveport, La.

Sirs:

Is a man's success in life based only on material being, on conforming to social beliefs or on winning, winning, winning? Is winning in sports, for example, something to day's coach needs in order to stay on top physically, psychologically or even financially? Aren't there more important criteria for judging a man in his chosen work?

After reading William Johnson's refreshing and bumpy true profile of the coach and the man, Phil Woolpert, one cannot help but come away with a different perspective. I did!

We need more men like Coach Woolpert in big-time sports. And we need more writers like William Johnson to pay tribute to them.

TRY B. HARRIS III

Columbus, Mo.

Sirs:

If only more men could share Mr. Woolpert's thoughts, what a beautiful world this would be.

JERRY ATEROCCO

Olivet, Mich.

In the May FORTUNE:

Big Board Big Volume Big Trouble

In May, FORTUNE penetrates the workings of that enormous machine, the New York Stock Exchange. Beleaguered by soaring volume on one side and the SEC on the other, the Exchange is experiencing the greatest operational and organizational turmoil in its history. What will be the deciding factors in the future of the Big Board? What effect will those factors have on investors? In the May issue, FORTUNE turns its skill in financial reporting to a search for the answers.

Also in the May FORTUNE: *The Dynamite of Rising Expectations* — pressures for too much too soon are sweeping the world. How can we set priorities? *America's Centamillionaires* — it takes \$100 million to be Super Rich these days, and \$150 million to be exclusive. Here is a one-of-a-kind rundown on the ultra-rich. *The MBA—the Man, the Myth, and the Method* — the business graduate may be prized too much, but the graduate schools are often under-valued.

The May FORTUNE is packed with early warning, aimed at that select group of men to whom sample news reporting is simply not enough. In FORTUNE, they find out not just what has happened and is happening, but what could and should happen. What could you do with that kind of edge?

FORTUNE

For the Men in Charge of Change

In January of 1914, as Archduke Franz Ferdinand was making plans in Austria to meet his wife in Sarajevo, another man was making plans in a French village called Givors. An employee of the company that built Mercedes automobiles, he was planning a way to insure victory for Germany in that summer's Grand Prix of France.

France's Peugeot craftsmen seemed to have the race wrapped up. They not only had the best car, but also the best driver of the day: Georges Boillot. A small man with a large head and an impressive mustache, Boillot was a national hero and he knew it. What he did not know was that Daimler-Motoren Gesellschaft—the Mercedes people—had definitely decided to win the Grand Prix. When the Daimler engineer returned to Germany from Givors he brought with him a detailed report of every curve and gradient on the 23.3-mile circuit, listing the gear ratios required to negotiate them.

A few months later the Germans returned to Givors with seven practice vehicles. Every morning at 6 a whistle would blow and the drivers would come out. In the courtyard of the local inn stood the cars, each with its mechanic standing beside it. They would practice on the lengthy course until 11, return for lunch and a discussion, then drive again until 7 p.m. The leader of the expedition was Max Sailer, a young engineer who had been with the company only three years and who immediately antagonized the veteran stars of the team.

Christian Lautenschlager and Otto Salzer, although ostensibly only master mechanics, were not used to taking orders from upstart engineers. Lautenschlager, a giant of a man with an enormous, drooping mustache, had won the 1908 Grand Prix while on loan to Benz. Now he was amazed to find that Sailer not only intended to act as the marinet of the practice session, but that he also intended to drive in the race. Lautenschlager lost his usual Swabian calm. "You have absolutely no idea what Grand Prix driving is!" he exploded.

The entry at Givors was the most impressive ever, with 37 cars representing 13 makes from six nations. Germany had five Mercedes, with Sailer, Lautenschlager, Salzer, former Fiat star Louis Wagner of France and Belgian Theodore Pilette as drivers. Three Opels completed the Teutonic entry. France had three

Peugeots, three Delages, three Schnieders and three Aldas. From Italy there were three Fiats, three Nazzaros and an Aquila. England contributed three Sunbeams and three Vauxhalls. The Sunbeams were identical to the Peugeots, but this didn't bother Chief Designer Louis Coatalen. "It is a wise man who copies without altering," was his answer to those who accused him.

On the Sunday before the race while the entries were being assembled in Givors, Franz Ferdinand met his wife in Sarajevo. There, too, was a 19-year-old named Gavrilo Princip. When the archduke's car paused before a café at which he was sitting Princip drew a pistol and fired twice. Within a few minutes the heir to the throne of Austria and his wife were dead.

Although the crime was a sensational one, to the masses gathering south of Lyon the battle of the automobiles was vastly more important than any Serbian terrorist movement. It was estimated that nearly 20,000 automobiles, more than a fifth of all those in France, were there in the spectator fleet. Parties went on all night, and the whole countryside seemed to pulsate with the noise and restless people. On the morning of the race, with many of the celebrants sleeping off the excesses of the night before, the 37 entries lined up two abreast, ready to start two at a time, with a 30-second interval between pairs. Boillot was in the third twosome, with Sailer 90 seconds behind him. Lautenschlager was five minutes in back of Boillot, and three Mercedes cars were at the rear.

The last-minute huddle of the Germans was scarcely noticed: all eyes were on Boillot as he sat haughtily behind the wheel of his blue car. The countryside was thick with spectators. As their hero tore past, a snowstorm of fluttering handkerchiefs cheered him on. Within 10 minutes all the starters were under way, and the crowd in the main grandstand settled down to wait for the leaders. There was a shout when Boillot came thundering onto the valley floor, accel-

erating out of the last turn and doing better than 80 as his Peugeot and its accompanying dust cloud shot onto the second lap. But as Boillot went past another cry was heard. One of the white Mercedes was coming down the hill. Sailer, determined to show his veteran teammates and the rest of the field what he could do, had completed his first lap in 21:11, 18 seconds faster than Boillot, and the crowd was stunned.

The next time Sailer was down to 20:51, which put him 46 seconds in the lead on corrected time and only 44 seconds behind on the road itself. Now coming down the long hilly Sailer's riding mechanic could see Boillot in the hampurs below. On the third lap Sailer was clocked in 20:28, and on the fourth he set the race record at 20:06 and actually passed the greatest driver of the age.

It was a shock for Boillot to see this unknown German—driving his first race—go past him and to realize that the Germans had a better car. The Peugeot, with its four-wheel brakes, gave the Frenchman the advantage going into corners, but everywhere else the German vehicle was superior.

On the sixth lap, when he was almost three minutes in front on elapsed time and more than a minute ahead on the road, Sailer's overtaken engine coughed up a connecting rod, and Boillot moved back into first. No other Mercedes would come into Boillot's sight for the rest of the day, since they had started too far back. But from now on Boillot knew no peace of mind. If an unknown newcomer could make the German car go that well what were the veterans doing? The thought of his unseen pursuers forced him to drive to the limit, extracting every bit of performance from what he now knew was an inferior car.

On the sixth lap Boillot was forced to pit for tires, and the new ones were worse than the old. After eight laps and after 10 laps he was forced to change again. Behind him Lautenschlager—now in second place and kept informed of

continued



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The 1914 War

his deficit by an alert pit crew—drive steadily onward, stopping only at half distance as ordered. When he roared in to change all four wheels and fill the tank, Lautenschlager called to the team manager.

"The brakes are gone."

"You still have a handbrake, don't you?"

Lautenschlager nodded. "You're right, sir." Then he sped away.

As the hours passed and the cars sped on through the dust and the heat Bollot tried desperately to stay in front while behind him the gigantic Lautenschlager sat implacably in his rattling motorcar, keeping pace seemingly without effort. Then, on the 17th lap, Bollot was forced to pit for tires again. Lautenschlager, getting the sign as he passed the pits, put on the pressure. He turned one lap at 20:51 and the next at 20:13 to put a German car in first place once again. If Bollot were to maintain his reputation as the best now was the time to do it. The muscles tacked by, and the crowd at the finish line grew restless. Bollot did not appear. Then the big white car came charging over the hill, slid through the hairpins, and headed for the finish. It was Lautenschlager, all alone, averaging 65.4 mph for the distance; Bollot had blown up his car trying to regain the lead, and he sat by the roadside somewhere out on the course, tears of frustration running down his face. Soon Wagner and Salzer came across. The latter, finishing fast, had managed to come in third. The Germans were 1-2-3.

The race was over but not the triumph. Two weeks before war was declared Ralph DePalma got one of the Mercedes out of Germany and he drove it to 10 U.S. victories. The next year he took the Indianapolis 500 with it.

Another of the cars, sent to London for exhibition purposes, was confiscated when the war started. It fell into the hands of a young British engineer, W. O. Bentley, and with his help Rolls-Royce set about copying the engine. The Rolls adaptations powered DeHavilland and Bristol lighter planes during the war and were also, in 1919, fitted to the first aircraft to fly the Atlantic. Another of the cars, modified to take a supercharger, recorded fastest time of the day at the Saint-Moritz speed trials, doing 120.2 mph on the ice in 1929, 16 years after Lautenschlager crossed the line to end an era.

END




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